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THE STANDARD.

THE DUTY AND NECESSITY OF ABOLISHING SLAVERY.

DR. CHEEVER'S LONDON SPEECH.

[We give below the London *Morning Advertiser's* report of the speech delivered by Dr. Cheever at the meeting over which Lord Shaftesbury presided, in Willis's Rooms, St. James's, July 24. We understand that a considerable portion of the speech, urging on the government of Great Britain an absolute refusal to recognize the Slaveholding Confederacy, was omitted by the reporter. The speech, in spite of this omission, will fire the heart of every true friend of freedom with fresh zeal and earnestness. Read!]

WELL does Isaac Taylor aver that it were blasphemy to say that slavery could have had the approval of the Gospel. "Slavery does, indeed, exist," says he, "in countries where Christianity is blasphemously professed; but in no country does slavery maintain itself in which the Gospel takes effect upon the consciences of men." We may add, that in no country can it be faithfully proclaimed without taking effect, and that, had it been proclaimed years ago by the Churches and the ministers in America, years ago slavery would have been abolished by it. Could we have kept the conscience of the slaveholding States a little longer under the application of the truth, in the Union, it must have yielded. As it is, the few witnesses for God, against slaveholding as a crime, have brought about nearly all that has been accomplished against this iniquity. Through the popularity of war, men are now wheeling into the ranks of abolitionism, and preparing to be in at the death of slavery, claiming to have themselves accomplished its overthrow, who always before have been employed in denouncing and opposing abolitionism as much worse than slavery. It is such men as Jay, Goodell, Garrison, the Tappans, Smith, and others, applying the Word of God against the crime of man-stealing to the slaveholders as the criminals, that have shaken the system to its foundation. Had the Word of God been earlier thus applied, as it was begun to be applied by Edwards and some others long ago, it would long ago have proved the salvation of the country in the abolition of the sin. As it is, it is the Abolitionists, working with these weapons, that, by the power of truth and conscience, have accomplished the only great move towards rendering abolition a necessity—that is, the secession of the slaveholding States. Doubtless the trains were beginning to be laid of causes that otherwise might undermine slavery, take away its profits, and lead men to renounce it because it is unprofitable, though not because it is unjust. But even those trains would never have been laid, nor would the unprofitableness of slavery have been demonstrated or acknowledged, had not the Abolitionists attacked the iniquity itself as a crime, an atrocity, an impiety, which the Churches and ministers were traitors to Christ in sanctioning. Had they not demanded the freedom of the enslaved as a right of humanity and a command of the Almighty, and the excommunication of the slaveholder from Christian communion as the man-stealer, the conscience of the community would have continued seared and blinded; and even of the question of profit there would have been no investigation. By their incessant agitations, remonstrances, applications of the truth, they have at length created a moral convulsion; they have produced an earthquake under the very centre of the sin, under its very cotton-gins and sugar-boilers, making the plantations rock like the sea, and destroying the supremacy of King Cotton forever. And it is the commercial terror thus produced, and no abhorrence of the sin, that is setting men's wits and energies really at work for the production of free cotton, the supply from slave labor being so endangered. They might have produced plenty of free cotton years ago, and thus starved this iniquity into a surrender; but provided their supply was sure, the morality or immorality was of little consequence. So true is that bitter apothegm of Coleridge, that men care very little for the nuisance of the dunghill on which their own luxuries are reared, so long as it is not under their own parlor windows. It is a new and impressive illustration of the power of the agitation of abstract principles, and the application of Heaven's truth. It is the Abolitionists, by their moral war, that have brought about this commercial, political, and civil uproar. It is they that have effected a breach even in the adamantine commercial morality of Manchester. It is the Abolitionists that have done this, and they ought to have the credit of it, and they will have, their enemies themselves being judges. One of the reasons of the slave Confederacy in justification of their rebellion was just this, that such a party was tolerated in the North, declaring slavery to be sinful, and, of course, the slaveholders to be sinners, and the whole slaveholding South a sinful community in the very nature of their most sacred domestic institution. The demoralization and guilt of the sanction of slavery, and the tame endurance of its outrages, North as well as South, had reached such a point, that, in the mercy of God, the madness of secession intervened just barely in season to save the whole country from irremediable ruin. The dead festering carcass of these abominations, chained to us so long, and we to them, has been cut away from us unexpectedly, at a blow, in the most wonderful manner. God has done it, without any consultation of the North, for had Divine Providence asked leave of the free States to throw off this carcass, they would have refused it. Thomas Jefferson himself described the moral prognostics, and predicted the results in his notes on Virginia, and Senator Sumner did but complete the picture, seventy years later, in his magnificent speech on the barbarism of slavery, just before the body of this slaveholding confederacy was separated and laid out. And it so happens that a work of investigation by statistics, economical, agricultural, political, as well as moral, had just been accomplished before this revolution, quite essential to our knowledge of the causes and processes of this death, which it would now have been impossible to undertake. A river divides the free from the slave territory. One side of it is like the garden of God; the other, if not blasted, is spell-bound and poverty-stricken. One side is worth thirty dollars an acre, the other five. Two States start the same year—one free, one slave; the race is of twenty years—not a steeple-chase, yet a long run. But you would hardly know them at the end for portions of the same planet. In 1836, the States of Arkansas and Michigan were admitted together to the American Union; Arkansas much superior in climate and fertility, and Michigan having but half as much territory as Arkansas. But Michigan started with a law forbidding slavery, Arkansas with a law forbidding emancipation. Michigan comes out, after this twenty years' trial, with a population three times greater than that of Arkansas, with five times the assessed value of farms, farming implements, and machinery, and with eight times the number of public schools. Now that the judgment of God has fallen upon this iniquity in the madness of rebellion, and in the consequent war, the word of God must be obeyed against the sin, and it is the Gospel of God, the Gospel of abolition in Christ's name, that must go forth conquering and to conquer. If men undertake to put down the rebellion against themselves, while they refuse to put down the rebellion against God; if they undertake a monopoly of freedom and of government for the whites, proposing still to hold the blacks as the property of the slaveholders, they are only providing still greater judgments against themselves. God has given an opportunity to the United States' government and people, in the breaking out of this war, to retrieve every mistake, and to redeem the Constitution, government, and people at a blow, from the whole of this stupendous iniquity and mischief. This opportunity being given, it is a duty to the country, to God, and to mankind now to put an end to slavery. The war is inevitable, it is forced upon them, and it is one of God's retributive judgments, both upon North and South, growing out of the sanction of slavery; but let them follow the leadings of Divine Providence in it, and make the most of it by abolition, and thus from the form of a judgment it shall be turned into mercy. They call it a rebellion, and such it is; but the rebellion against the human government is nothing in comparison with that against the Divine, in establishing and maintaining slavery as the end and object of the State. Now, some of them are proposing to put down the rebellion against their own government, but at the same time, in permitting and protecting slavery, they will maintain the rebellion against God. But the junction has at length come, in which they cannot maintain their own government except in maintaining the authority of God. They cannot preserve their own rights except by putting down slavery, and defending the rights of others. Let them confiscate the property of the slaveholders in the rebellious States, in order to set it free; or let it work out its own freedom under the Federal authority. At the same time, let the United States government put forth every agency in its power, which it has hitherto refused to employ. Let them at once abolish and forbid slavery in the District of Columbia, let them abolish and forbid the slave traffic between the States, let them forbid the passing of the taint of slavery from parent to child. This course would secure to the United States government and people in this war the sympathy and respect of all mankind, and without this course they cannot receive the blessing of the Almighty. God will not be mocked, and the crisis has come, foretold by Jefferson, when the rights of the oppressed would be the subject of a solemn conflict, and not one attribute of the Almighty could be found by any possibility on the side of the oppressor. A crime that has been stamped as piracy by international law has been transfigured into a national virtue by this Confederacy, and enthroned as the Dagon of its worship, with the freedom and universality of the rights of man, and other nations are publicly and solemnly invited to sanction and partake in this inauguration. Great Britain is solicited as a partner. And it has been said that Great Britain will have no alternative but to recognize this governmental piracy. If the Confederate States should set up cannibalism as a national right and privilege, declaring the descendants of Africa to have been consecrated of God as a perpetual flesh manna for the supply of their sacred national repasts, then, according to the reasoning put forth in regard to the government *de facto*, if they claim this as a right, and have the power to practise it, you must admit them into the family of nations on this basis. A community of gorillas would have the same right, and so would the legion of devils that entered into the herd of swine be, as a government, *de facto*. Now, for the sake of the enslaved, and in the name of God and humanity, we ask no positive intervention against such a government in this case, but simply the administration of that more powerful moral rebuke, which God has given to Great Britain the opportunity of applying, in the refusal to enter into any recognition of such government as a nation. But according to the doctrine of some, even this is inadmissible, and whatever, in its drunken delirium of power and wickedness, any nation of evil-minded men may resolve upon, is to be resolved into a governmental right, the moment there is a government actually based upon it, and sufficient power to practise it. Taking into view the origin, progress, nature, instruments, method, and vastness of the crime against God and man on which this confederacy is grounded, and demands a national recognition, it may safely be said that nothing has ever been developed on earth of systematic wickedness more monstrous. It is a conspiracy not against the United States government merely, but against all good governments, against all the interests of law and order, against all liberty, except the freedom to oppose, and against virtue and Christianity itself. They have sketched the plan and announced the terms of their comprehensive empire, and it includes the conquest of the whole vast region round the Gulf of Mexico, and all the bright alluring tropical isles, Cuba, Jamaica, Hayti included, to be redeemed from the mistaken fanaticism and misery of freedom, and consolidated in one vast Paradise of of the piety and luxury of slavery. We hesitate not to say that the possibility of a nation achieving its independence on such grounds, and forcing itself into the family of nations as a Sovereign Power, is more frightful than the prospect of the worst war that ever ravaged Europe. The permitted establishment of national independence on such grounds would be worse for the interests of justice, righteousness, and mercy upon earth than any other successful impiety in modern times. The government treasury and the arsenals at the North were nearly emptied of their contents by these traitors to be distributed through the South. The process of secession was uninterrupted by any movement of the government against it, because the government itself was in the hands of the traitors, till they supposed that all things were ready for their final blow. But the history of the world hardly furnishes an instance of so sudden, universal, and patriotic an uprising of the whole people, in protection and defence of their government. And the struggle in that respect is a most righteous struggle. But even if the war were not on the part of the North a war for abolition, yet, on the part of the South, it is a war for slavery. The Southern Confederacy is the incarnation of slavery and nothing else. That is its Bible and its constitution, and the prize for which it is fighting, and any nation that recognizes it as a nation, sanctions this enormity. England's sympathies and rebukes, and whole moral influence and measures, must be against the slave trading confederacy. The judgments of God have begun against this sin, and no nation can stop them. Slavery will speedily be abolished, if God shall inspire the government and people of the North to set themselves against it. And being abolished in America, the governments and people of Great Britain and the United States will be in closer alliance than ever, and may prepare themselves together to sweep this iniquity from the face of the earth. If the effort for a compromise at Washington be defeated, the war against the slave confederacy will, doubtless, be prosecuted with vigor. If it is so prosecuted, then it is difficult to see how the confederacy can avoid being beaten. But the war cannot be prosecuted in earnest without the abolition of slavery, whether the government of the United States are willing to make a national proclamation to that effect or not. We desire that they should do this; people are petitioning for this; the Constitution, rightly interpreted, permits this as a war measure, and requires it as an act of righteousness and justice. The present rebellion is entirely and solely a pro-slavery rebellion, begun, inspired, and carried on by the slaveholders themselves for the sake of slavery, and with the intention of ruling by means of slavery, and of establishing a separate government for that end. The slaveholders are therefore the rebels, and the war should be against them, and if not against them it is not against the rebels. If the war is not pursued against slavery it cannot be against the rebellion. The instant slavery is abolished that instant the rebellion is suppressed; but until then it will not be suppressed. Deprive the slaveholders of their slaves, and you take away all their power and return it to the people. Now the Abolitionists propose to put an end to slavery by the war; but the mere Unionists propose merely to put an end to the rebellion by the war. The latter is impossible without the former. There is a strong party in the Church that denounce slavery, but not slaveholding. Just so there is the prevailing party in the war, that denounce rebellion, but not slaveholding. Neither party are willing to direct the war against slaveholders as inherently sinful and rebellious, nor against the slaveholders as inherently the rebels, and the only soul, and life, and leaders of the rebellion. The only salvation from dictatorship, anarchy, and the destruction of our true State rights, is in the constitutional declaration of abolition and freedom by the Constitution. The only preservation for the Union from being at the mercy of designing politicians is in the supremacy of the Constitution as forbidding and abolishing slavery. The only preservation of the country from an interminable war is to finish by removing the cause of the war, and at the same time all the causes of conflict and hostility between North and South. Things have at length come to this public and notorious crisis, when a national abolition of slavery, which has always been a constitutional obligation and right, a duty towards God and man, has become a necessity of our own existence as a free nation. If slavery is right, and is conceded by the North under our Constitution, then rebellion is right if slavery be endangered. If it is right to steal men, it is right to steal States, Territories, arsenals, treasuries, ports, rivers, bays, and their tributaries. If property in man is right it is the most sacred of all properties, and the slave-trading Confederacy are right in their claims of supremacy on account of it. If slaveholding be not in itself sinful, it is the greatest of all human privileges, the most precious and the most inviolable, and everything else ought to be made to bend to it. If that was ever conceded by the Constitution, and is a part of it, and rightfully a part—a vital part, then everything that interferes with that is rebellion, and the North are the rebels in striving to conquer the South, in rebelling against the dominion of the slaveholders. Now, the United States government are called upon to affirm the sacredness of man's personal freedom over everything else, and of the Constitution as based upon that; and these are just the two forms of government and universalities of right and wrong that come face to face in opposition in this deadly struggle; that which is founded on the sacredness of property in man, and that which is founded on the sacredness of liberty in man, and the impossibility of property: everything under Heaven being subdued on the one side or the other to the one or the other of those claims. In the view of the whole world these claims are now being decided, whether God or politicians shall rule. There never was such a struggle in the history of the world. It seems incredible that even amidst the very enthusiasm of patriotism and religion at the North against this rebellion, their leading statesmen and ministers still persist in denying the right of emancipation, affirming that the slaveholding States must be protected in their property. Denying that the war is for emancipation, how can they expect the sympathy of Great Britain if the war is only to rivet the fetters of the slave? Now, this question of property in man, or the property of man over everything else under Heaven for the sake of property in himself alone, and belonging solely to God, his Father, is the question that ought to be decided once for all, and for all generations. If ever compensation to slaveholders could have been right, or an obligation on the part of the government that had wickedly established slaveholding was legal, yet in the present case this claim was forfeited by rebellion and treason. If slavery were abolished to-morrow, the worth of landed property in the South would be immediately five times greater than before. An acre of land that was worth only five dollars would be worth twenty-five. So that the slaveholders are not only stealing the slaves, but they are stealing from the free whites annually millions of money that would have been theirs but for this crime of man-stealing, man-merchandize, which blasts the country physically as well as morally. As to the nations of Europe, an Edmund Burke is needed to address a new warning against this monstrous revolution in favor of slavery and against entering into covenant with the power that heads this fanatical crusade for the slave traffic. God's judgments are not to be prevented, and if cotton merchants think to stay them, they may perish in them. The system of slavery can no longer be tolerated. The hour for its overthrow is come. God will now abandon the nation and people that persist in maintaining it, to a signal and retributive overthrow. Like Pharaoh of old, they have wound themselves, in their march of tyranny, into a defile of God's providential retributive inclosures, where a syllable from him will bring down the trembling avalanches of Divine wrath. He is taking off their chariot wheels, and causing them to drive heavily, and at the right time he will speak to his east wind and cause the sea to overwhelm them. Men sometimes think they have escaped consequences, or thoroughly guarded against them, because the train of God's providence does not stop at once to arrest the criminals and punish them; but God, meanwhile, has telegraphed to a station ahead, where his own agencies are lying in wait. Once it would have seemed very far ahead—one day as a thousand years; but now God's purposes rush to their fulfilment so rapidly that a thousand years are as one day. If God at any time chooses, a descent of terrible agencies on our boasted commercial prosperity would be as easy and sudden as Garibaldi's upon Sicily. If you had one Wilberforce before, you ought to have a hundred now; and every Church and every minister of the gospel ought to be a battery of living, fiery, Christian indignation against this sin, and against any proposal of so dreadful a sanction of it. We are sure that your sympathy will be with those who are applying the power of God's Word for the entire and immediate abolition of slavery, just where it is; and by the freedom of the enslaved strengthen the hands of those whose war is against this crime, and let the slave-traders see and know that you will never enter into a national compact with them; that all the cotton on the globe could not purchase from you a consent to such infamy. Whatever revolutions may still take place on the other side of the water, you have doubtless the power in Great Britain, by two measures perfectly at your command, to abolish slavery in America. In the first place, provide your own cotton. God's decree has gone forth for this; it is no longer an experiment; time and nature will do this for you inevitably: but hasten time and nature; do it now, do it for this noble purpose, and stamp on the agencies of nature your own freedom and nobleness. Thirty years ago had you put this in train, had you cultivated India alone, as might have been done, you would have struck the death-blow to slavery; and it is safe to say that there would have been no Indian war and no famine in India. Thirty years ago you liberated 800,000 slaves, and now God has advanced you as a consequence and reward to the grander opportunity of striking the fetters from 4,000,000, and putting an end to slavery forever. In mercy to the slaveholders, as well as the enslaved, we are required by Divine obligation thus to treat with them. May God give us grace, England and America, mother and daughter, to act out this benevolence; and of this be assured, that whatever becomes of this war, the Abolitionists of the United States, trusting in God, will maintain the moral warfare of His Word unto the death, and will never lay down their weapons till the last fetter is broken, and God's jubilee proclaimed through the land.

THE AFRICAN FOR THE HOUR.

To The Editor of The New York Tribune.

SIR: The pertinent question of your correspondent M. T. V., on Saturday, why, while the South are employing slaves and Indian sharp-shooters in their savage warfare for slavery against the North, we may not enlist the sympathy and aid of our free colored population on the side of freedom, is eminently suggestive. Is it right, he asks, to set aside the services of so many stout and brave fellows, because God has tinged their skin with a shade darker than ours?

In the Revolutionary War, who does not remember with what power it was argued, on the floor of the British Parliament, that it was right to use all the agencies "which God and nature had put in our power." And, in an age eminent for its humanity, it was no derogation to British philanthropy to employ the services of Indian allies and refugees from slavery.

The use to which Washington himself wisely put the trusty colored men, of whom there were not a few in the armies of the revolution, is well illustrated in a fact which I have from a Doctor of Divinity in New London, and which has never yet, I believe, in this shape, been put in print. There was an important point at one of our beleaguered fortresses from which the sentinels had been taken off night after night. At length Washington himself set a trusty colored man on guard, with the charge to be vigilant and to hail every moving thing with the challenge, "Who goes there?" three times, and then instantly to fire, or his own life would probably pay the forfeit.

The shrewd son of Africa seriously took his post, with steady hand and watchful eye, and energy roused to its utmost tension, pacing to and fro his solitary beat till the still hour after midnight. Meanwhile, revolving the danger, he settled in his mind the course to be taken to save his own life, to discover the enemy, and to render a service to Washington and his country, while he should keep within the exact letter of his instructions as a sentinel to challenge "Who goes there?" three times.

Suddenly his quick ear detected a rustle in the darkness before him, and presently his sharp eye discovered dimly something creeping on the ground. Instantly levelling his musket he called out lustily, "Who go dere tree time?" and let fly, without the interval of a second. It was enough. The Indian scout was shot just as his finger was put upon his own trigger to make away with the faithful sentinel before he should have time to repeat the challenge, and the post was saved.

It were needless to say how generously Washington rewarded this dusky representative of a docile race, in regard to which it has been left for our day to make the grand discovery and flaunt it to the world from our highest judicial tribune, through our hoary-headed Chief Justice, that the black man has no rights which white men are bound to respect.

Now, who does not ask what should prevent our beleagured nation, in the hour of its peril, from availing itself, in this wicked pro-slavery war, of the invaluable services of thousands of such men as this, like the late black hero Tillman, of the schooner Waring? Men shrewd, wakeful, enduring, fertile in resources, strong of will, brave in heart, bristling with brawn—men, panting to serve their country, and to strike effectively at slavery at one and the same time—men, who, if cordially invited and enrolled under our starry standard, and led into the South, would make the most effective arm of the public service which we can possibly command.

Your correspondent, M. T. V., is at a loss to express his wonder that some good people of the North are found declaring that slavery has nothing to do with this war, and that it is simply a question of government or no government; and he very naturally exclaims, "Slavery nothing to do with it! Perhaps a just God will ere long teach our people that slavery has *all* to do with it." How much better that we should be taught it now, and that we should practically act upon it before it is too late!

A very vigorous writer in the last ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD forcibly remarks: "That *at length* the United States will be forced to strike at the rebellion by annihilating the cause of the rebellion, we firmly believe. But it will make the greatest difference in the future of the country whether this is done at first or last—whether it is done deliberately in our strength and vigor or desperately in our ruin and defeat. In the first case we shall present the spectacle of a nation long bound to sin by deeds of others which it feared to repudiate; but when at length a release was given, which every despotism in Europe must acknowledge, springing at once to health and liberty. In the other case we should resemble some grey-haired reveller, so wedded to vice that he cannot abandon it, although it has ceased to be profitable or attractive, but who waits for utter physical inability before he can sham a virtue which is the contempt and hissing of men."

Oh! that we knew the day of our visitation, and were wise to see and to seize the providential juncture which the Supreme Ruler of nations has offered us, to proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof. May God of His mercy grant that our nation shall not be left—by failing to do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with God at the critical moment—to become a hissing and a by-word to other people and to other ages, like the stiff-necked Jews! Let the gentle Cowper read to us their fate and our own likewise, if we will not learn righteousness:

"Pecled, scattered and exterminated thus
The last of nations now, though once the first;
They warn and teach the proudest, would they learn—
Keep justice or meet judgment in your turn."

HENRY T. CHEEVER.

Jewett City, Ct., August 5, 1861.

THE KEY TO VICTORY.

BY CHARLES L. BRACE.

WHY will not our people see that the only key to victory is a *Proclamation of Emancipation?*

This becomes more evident every day. Let us regard first the possible dangers on the side of our foreign relations. We have every reason to believe that both England and France do not desire any war with this country. Still, with England, circumstances may be stronger than the policy of the government. War is seldom a matter of pure interest. Accident and feeling and pride enter into its causes quite as much as the real advantages expected. By the middle of next winter, as we are informed, the whole reserved store of cotton in England will be consumed. Millions of people will be in fear of want. Disturbances and disorders may take place among the manufacturing classes. The masses of the people, as well as the governing classes, will have fully believed by that time—if our present policy be pursued—that our civil war is simply a political war, for no great principle (as they look upon it), and one in which foreign nations can have little interest, either on one side or the other. The English mind will thus be prepared for any sudden change of policy to the selfish side.

Southern ports, where cotton has been gradually accumulating. Their ships and officers are liable to collisions with our own fleet. Cases are constantly arising of either alleged violation or neglect of blockade, which cannot be settled by any known provision of international law, and which the strong hand determines.

A blockade so extensive as that of our coast cannot be absolutely complete. At length, pressed by the disturbances at home, and having sufficient excuses in the defects of our blockade, the Ministry order the fleet to do an act not one-tenth as arbitrary or as inexcusable as the destruction of the Danish fleet in Napoleon's time—namely, to enter say New Orleans or Mobile, and declare the blockade at an end, because incomplete.

English shipping, laden with supplies for Southern markets, at once crowd the docks of these ports, and take back their cargoes of cotton to the relief of a starving people.

Of course, the result on our side would be war with England. But in what a condition are we to make war with the strongest power in the world? We might, indeed, do her endless damage, but we should then insure the recognition and independence of the Southern Confederacy. These results are not exceedingly improbable. It is true a large party in England would be opposed to a war with the United States, but so a large and the most intelligent party in this country were opposed to the war with Mexico?

How have we to make these results impossible? Simply by proclaiming, *emancipation to the slave.* Then, whatever were the interests of England, or the prejudices of her aristocracy, or whatever accidental collisions might take place, the feelings and religion of the great middle class of England would hold back the country from assisting the South or injuring our government. We say *religion*, for however blind and selfish the Administration of Great Britain may seem to the principles involved in this war, the opposition to slavery is almost a religion with the British middle classes—and under a declaration of emancipation no sophistry could hoodwink their consciences. All England, France, Italy, Germany—all the noblest spirits of "Young Europe"—would be with us in such a war.

Look next at the enormous difficulties of our present undertaking without such a policy. The readers of *The Independent* will bear testimony that its writers have never tried to underrate the resources of our adversary. We have all attempted to prepare the public mind for disasters, and for more strenuous efforts. From a careful observation and study of the Southern resources and spirit, I myself do not believe a permanent victory is possible with the ordinary means of warfare. History shows that peoples much weaker and smaller than the Southern have resisted for centuries the most powerful adversaries. All the power of Russia has not conquered the Circassians; the mighty empire of Spain could not overwhelm the petty, weak provinces of Protestant Holland; the feeble Christians of Spain resisted the warlike Moors for eight centuries, and finally regained their independence.

England, with all her vast means, could not bring us back to her "Union" when our people did not number half the present population of the Southern States, and had not a quarter of their means of wealth and defence. If one well-defended ravine within twenty-five miles from Washington could occasion such disaster, why may there not be a score of such defences and such defeats between Richmond and Charleston? They will be in a country they know well; we in a strange. They can retreat to the mountains or the swamps. They can fortify and defend the cities. They can fight in guerilla warfare through every mountain-pass and pine-barren and cypress-swamp from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. We may land expeditions on the coast, indeed—but each day they are strengthening their coast-defences. Marine expeditions are always uncertain and difficult affairs. A single accident—a storm or mistake or want of combination—may upset a whole expedition. The English landed on the Southern coast in 1812, and what did they effect?

It will be replied to this, that all this might be true if we proposed to conquer—to subjugate; but that we only mean to hold, to resume government, to rebind the Union. But *the South will not understand that:* the slaveholding class do not want to understand it, and war prevents the masses from knowing it. Those who have not followed an army—even a benevolent and patriotic army—cannot understand how soon it wipes out all thoughts of peace and union.

The track of our Grand Army in Virginia reminded me of those awful words of the Roman historian: "*They make a solitude and call it Peace.*" Our march will inevitably through the whole South be a trail of desolation. Fifty or one hundred thousand men cannot advance through an enemy's country without the most annoying and exasperating plundering and havoc being produced. How easily, too, may any accident light fiercer flames! A chance shot at our men might deliver Richmond in the moment of victory to the torch and the bayonet. There are thousands of men now in both armies, since those dreadful scenes at Manassas, who will go into battle neither expecting nor giving quarter. These atrocities will intensify hate on both sides, and the Southern masses will not easily discover the patriotic and friendly purposes of our campaign. Beside, let us understand that *the ruling class at the South are in earnest.* There is no mistake about this. In Hampton, out of some fifteen hundred white inhabitants, there were not half a dozen left to welcome the armies of the Union. Every house between the Long Bridge and Fairfax Court-House seemed abandoned, except by a few women servants; Fairfax itself was a deserted village. All the pretty gentlemen's seats around it, empty; even the parsonage with the fresh sermons on the study-table, abandoned; the work-shops closed, the taverns vacant. Centreville was an uninhabited town. Now we hear that the same despotic class have burned the pretty and favorite Hampton, as much as to say—"Not an inch of our soil! not a beam of our houses!—rather ashes and a desert, than the hated Northerner!" This is Hate—this is desperate resistance. How are we to meet all this? How are we to break the ruling class? How are we to crush the rebellion? How take away all motive and temptation to it in the future? How bring distraction in their councils, and fear on their homes? How conquer without battle?

Simply by doing justice—by a National Declaration of Emancipation to the slave.

Then, when this has been widely scattered and proclaimed, and the slaves understand it—as they would marvellously soon—we have a nation of allies in the enemy's ranks. There is a foe in every Southerner's household. The Southern army of Virginia, the army of Missouri, melts away like snow, for each slaveholder remembers his undefended home; each non-slaveholder thinks of his own household, surrounded by negroes rushing to their liberties. A spectre of panic is amid the Southern forces. Our armies would scarcely find resistance. The enemy are surrounded. They do not know where the blow will fall. Our expeditions on the coasts meet with allies by the hundred thousand. The South is disorganized; the ruling class broken. Then, as our armies advance, they can restrain and guide this nation of bondmen, resuming their rights; prevent useless bloodshed and violence; employ their labor, and, if necessary, their right arms of defence, and so gradually subjugate and hold the country.

The slaveholding class, in such a contest, would inevitably be almost exterminated, and if any class of men ever deserved punishment from the Almighty for countless wrongs done to the innocent and the weak, it is they. The non-slaveholding class would, no doubt, after a while, see the utter uselessness and folly of resistance, and settle down under what, for a time, will probably be a military rule.

This is not the method we should any of us have chosen for Emancipation. But Providence has forced it upon us. We must choose between that and Defeat.—*Independent.*

WHITE AND BLACK SINEWS.

ONE of the grand arguments for negro slavery receives a staggering blow in a quiet sentence of Mr. Russell's recent letter from Natchez to the London *Times.* It has been asserted, and reiterated on every possible occasion, that the white man could not endure heavy labor in the hot climate of the slave States, and that in the low and malarious regions he could not even live at certain seasons of the year. No human animal, except the African negro or his immediate descendant, could bear the fire of the sun and the poison of the swamp; hence, slavery was necessary, and therefore justifiable. But it seems that the very heaviest work of this delectable region is *not* done by the negro at all, but by white men—Europeans of far purer blood than even the aristocracy of show Mr. Russell the brightest side of their social and political life, he was invited to visit the magnificent plantation of ex-Governor Manning at Houmas, an immense sugar estate, probably the largest in Louisiana. The land has been brought to a high state of cultivation, but not by the indispensable negro, it seems. As it lies below the level of the Mississippi, like all those fertile semi-swamp bottoms, it required draining. There are twenty miles of ditches of all sizes. "This work," says Mr. Russell, "*is too severe for African thews,* and experience has shown that it is bad economy to overtask the slave;" so all this ditch-building was done by Irish laborers, or "navvies," as the writer calls them.

This single fact upsets a mountain of assertion. Gov. Manning's estate is in the hottest and lowest portion of the sugar region, a section more poisonous to the white man, according to the slaveowners' theory, than the rice-swamps of South Carolina; yet the African is unequal to the very ordinary labor of ditching, and gives place to the fair-skinned Celt of Northern Europe, and that, too, at an enormous expense to the owner of the slaves, as the Governor, with a heavy sigh, told Dr. Russell.

The same is true of railroad and canal-building in the slave States and in Cuba. With any required amount of negro help, which the owners would be glad to hire out at one-fifth the cost per day of white laborers, the Northern States and Europe are called upon, as thousands of brawny professors of the pick and shovel can testify, and even China is drained of her coolies to build in Cuba the public works which are beyond the capacity of the negro slave. Does any one believe that this would be the case if the work could be coaxed or whipped out of their bondmen with even a tolerable chance of profit? It is unnecessary to mention works of a higher grade, such as building and running machinery, erecting public edifices, and the like; for slaves have literally nothing to do with them.

Now, what is the return proffered to these hardy Irishmen and Germans who do the necessary work, which even slaves under the lash are unable to perform? A part of the reward has already been bestowed by driving friendless foreigners into the rebel army, forcing them to fight against the flag they love to honor, and in favor of slavery—a thing utterly hateful to nine-tenths of all the emigrants who come into the country. Early in the spring boat-loads of German emigrants were seized on the Mississippi before they had fairly landed in the country, and the men forced to join the secession army. In New Orleans the British Consul has proved that foreigners by dozens were forcibly dragged into the recruiting shambles and sent off to the camp near that city. And now that the forcing process has exhausted the supply, and press gangs have completed their work, *The True Delta* boasts that "three-fourths of the gallant men from this city and State who have abandoned family and home, and all that is dear to man, to march to the battle-field in defence of Southern rights and Southern honor, are Irishmen." So much return of gratitude have the Irish navvies already received. And when the war is over, supposing the rebels to establish a national existence, one of their first political acts, as Mr. Russell was told by the highest secession authority, will be to refuse the right of suffrage to every man of foreign birth, and doubtless to native poor white trash also, so that their aristocratic power may be in no danger from any such democratic nonsense as a ballot-box. These are the rewards offered by Davis, Toombs & Co. to the honest white workingmen who drain swamps, dig canals, and make railroads in the Kingdom of Cotton and Sugar, and do such other drudgery as is "too severe for African thews."—*Tribune.*

"CONTRABANDS" IN CAMP.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

FORTRESS MONROE, Old Point Comfort, Aug. 7, 1861.

EVERY day adds to the number of negroes who seek protection within our lines. It is impossible to give an idea of the satisfaction, the sense of security, which the sight of the Fortress affords to this unhappy class of beings. Once under its guns, they begin a new life, and are doubtless animated with hopes never before cherished, and to which they would otherwise have been strangers forever. Little is said to them about their changed situation, or of the prospects before them; what their own idea is I do not know, any further than that they comprehend that a great event has happened, which, if it has not given them their freedom and permitted them to go wherever and whenever they please, has, at least, placed them beyond the reach of the danger from which they have fled, of being separated forcibly from friends and relatives and sold for service in the cotton States. I do not think that many of them canvass the probabilities of ever going North, of setting up for themselves, of owning property and being their own owners and masters. At present they only realize that they are among friends, who have no such purposes. The measure of contentment which such a realization affords is quite sufficient, and is probably fully equal to their capacity. They go to work with entire willingness, and I believe that all are agreed that, as laborers, they are not excelled. They are faithful, cheerful, and even zealous. Every morning they are taken out in "details," with overseers, always marching in regular order, under the direction and leadership of one of their number. They imitate the manners and discipline of the soldiers with great quickness, and evince much aptness in learning whatever they are set to do. A gang has for some time been engaged in building the railroad, and I am told by the engineer that he could not desire better hands. Rations are regularly issued to them, the same as to soldiers, and clothing is furnished as it is needed. Most of them have tents inside the Fortress, but the women who have not situations in the families of officers, or elsewhere, are quartered in buildings on the outside, with the children and those that are incapable of labor. Many of them do washing, and some carry on a brisk business in selling pies, cakes, and other things to the soldiers. There is a building outside of the Fortress where a large number are quartered, and where, every evening before tattoo, they sit and sing, to the edification of all the neighborhood. The scene is original and attractive. The singing is always characteristic, and generally of a devotional kind, the tunes being plaintive, and frequently imitations of well-known airs. When, as is frequently the case, a hundred, and sometimes more, voices join in swelling the chorus, we have an unabridged idea of negro melody, uncorrupted by art or other skill than what is native to the negro. Occasionally a tune is started in which all the parts are well sustained by male and female voices, and sometimes it happens that there are specimens of rude melody which the most celebrated Minstrels in Broadway might strive in vain to equal. At a later hour, when the gathering has broken up, the lights are put out, and the night is comparatively still, the voice of prayer, loud and earnest, interspersed with fervent responses, may be heard within; and thus the "contraband"—for they are known by no other name—introduced into a new existence, prove their usefulness, their capacity for rational enjoyments, and live, indeed, almost revel, I may say, in the new hope of better days for themselves and their race.

Some half dozen negroes—men, women, and children—came into camp at Newport News last night, having come across the Roads, a distance of six miles, in open boats of the frailest sort, bringing with them beds and a limited, yet to them all-sufficient, wealth of household effects. It was a bold venture, that bordered on heroism, a push for little less than life itself. This morning they came by steamer, and their names now figure conspicuously in the catalogue which Sergeant Smith keeps of such as know that

"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

The number seeking refuge within our lines, now on the increase, would be even greater but for the report that has been spread among the negro population that they are not wanted, and will not be received. This story has, doubtless, been set afloat to keep negroes from running away, but it does not in all cases serve the purpose. The other day a delegation of two came to the Fortress to ascertain the truth of the statement. Finding that it was a falsehood, and that protection and the means of living would be given to all comers, with the only requirement in return that those who could should work for it, and that it would be free and equally certain to such as could not, they returned to convey the tidings. They will, probably, return before many days with a numerous train.

As a general thing the fugitives speak kindly of their late masters, who, in many instances, fled from them. They have a terror of being "sold down South" or of being compelled to work in the entrenchments of the rebels. They manifest no reluctance at laboring on our fortifications. The idea, whether true or false, is prevalent among them, that the rebels intend to place them in the front rank to be shot down first, an idea that is not sustained by the theory that the slaves are property, and that consequently this would be a wanton sacrifice of shekels as well as life.

THE TRUE VOICE OF ENGLAND.

From The London Daily News of Aug. 6th.

DURING the agony of our Indian rebellion, when the fate of an empire trembled in the balance, and the proud heart of England was shaken with anguish, the sympathy of Europe in the presence of a calamity was all but universally expressed. Ancient enmities, foreign jealousies, held their peace for awhile, and "natural enemies" vied with the nearest and dearest friends in generous grief and hope. Among foes and aliens, if a tone of sneering pity or of contemptuous regret jarred upon the public ear, it was instantly covered with shame and reprobation by cooler voices. Over the narrow seas a gallant people watched our varying fortunes with that fraternal interest which brave men feel in the actions of the brave; faint and few indeed were the mutterings of unmanly and malignant exultation at the tragic vicissitudes of a mortal stru

if our kinsmen never rest until they have turned defeat into victory. It may be that triumph of the the cause of freedom must date from a defeat. An easy war is often content to subside into an inglorious peace.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

HAS THE EXPERIMENT FAILED?

THE friends of monarchy in Europe are, not secretly, congratulating themselves and the world on the failure of the experiment of self-government which we have been trying on this side the Atlantic. Their conclusions are based on rather insufficient premises as yet, it must be owned. The loss of a single battle, supposing it to have been as utter and as disgraceful as the London *Times* could desire, or its correspondent has described, is scarcely ground enough for so sweeping a deduction. Still, there is a *prima facie* case against us—not so much because of Bull Run as of the Rebellion of which it was a consequence—and we are not disposed to find violent fault with the tone of press or Parliament, prompted by the state of things as far as it has come to British knowledge. If a Republic founded on the principle of the capacity of man to govern himself has not been able to stand for seventy-five years, but is to come to a violent end before the close of the natural life of men whose memory runneth back to the birth of the nation, and that through the action of a factious minority, we cannot deny that the argument against Republican government is to that extent fortified. The eternal principle that men have a right to arrange their own political institutions according to their own pleasure, may remain unshaken, and yet this particular example of it may have failed signally in its operation.

But the answer to all such premature exultation on the part of these infidels, is, that the United States of America have never been a Republic in the true sense of the word. It has been a Republic as distinguished from a Monarchy perhaps, but anything rather than a polity resting on the good will and pleasure of the majority of the inhabitants. Most of the Northern States have been, and are, such Republics. In them, the will of the majority always prevails in the end, usually, in the beginning. There is in them a practical political equality of condition, however great the diversities of social position. The richest man has no more direct political power than the poorest, and the indirect influence of his wealth is oftener overborne than otherwise by the numerical force of the poorer classes. And to the operation of the Republican principle in these Commonwealths the believer in man's capacity for self-government may be safely directed for encouragement and guidance. Life and property are certainly as safe in them as in any part of the civilized world, sudden changes in the form or details of government are not common, and not irreparable if mistaken, and demagogueism, though the curse of these Commonwealths, is not more mischievous than the same element in England, and surely not so vile as the unquestioning submission in France of the answering class of political parasites. And the unanimity of these Northern Republics in rallying to the defence of their nationality, and the resources they have displayed both of men and money, surely evince that their institutions have not emasculated the spirit nor checked the material prosperity of their citizens.

The United States, however, in their confederated or united capacity, have ever presented quite another policy of the nation has not rested on the well-considered opinion of the intelligent majority of the whole people, nor have its laws received the authentication of any such sanction. The influence which has inspired the one and dictated the other has proceeded forth from men bred up under a totally different kind of institutions from those which have moulded the Northern mind and given shape to the Northern prosperity. The Southern States have ever been the closest of oligarchies under the forms of democracies. Their Constitutions are so framed that the entire power of every slave State rests in the hands of the slaveholders. There has not, for many years, been any considerable attempt to overthrow this dominion of the minority in many of those States by the action of the majority. We doubt whether there has ever been a Governor of a slave State, or a Senator or Representative in Congress, or a State legislator or officer of any importance, that has not been a slaveholder, for the last thirty years. There may have been exceptions—but no more than enough to prove the rule. And yet the slaveholders are a very small minority of the white inhabitants in the States that hold the most slaves. The entire number that owned or hired slaves in 1850 was less than 350,000, and the number that owned as many as ten, less than 100,000—men, women and children—distributed over the fifteen slave States. It will be seen at a glance what a pure (or rather *impure*) aristocracy has thus obtained in these States—an aristocracy resting on no hereditary services to the country, on no historical associations, on no personal qualities, but on the piratical possession of innocent human beings, robbed of every civil and social right. Nothing could be farther from a genuine Republic than States thus organized and thus administered. That they should fail of answering the purpose of good government could excite no surprise in any one cognizant of the true state of the facts. And, surely, no argument could be drawn thence against the possible success of a Republic, properly so called.

The consequences of uniting political organizations of such differing qualities in one government might have been foreseen by any student of history or observer of human nature. Indeed, they were foreseen by the very men who contrived the incongruous conjunction, and who unwisely, if not basely, shifted the responsibility of putting it to rights on us their children. The aristocracies, being united by one common interest by making common cause, and casting their weight into the one scale or the other of the party divisions of the North—inseparable from the essence of free governments—and by bribing the baser sort of Northern demagogues with the National treasure or plunder, have always carried their main points of policy, up to the very last Presidential election. The National government has in no proper sense been a Republican one, for it has been wielded and directed according to the will and pleasure of an Oligarchy consisting of less than the three hundred thousandth part of the inhabitants. Any failure of this Federated government to sustain itself can prove no failure of the Republican principle—for it involved nothing of the sort, and it was inherent in its very Constitution that it should fail. Suppose England, in the fullness of faith in the *Entente Cordiale*, should form a Federal government with France, having a common legislature, chosen according to the customs of each respective nation, what chance would constitutional government stand in such an assembly? Just so much chance did the Republican principle of government by majorities stand in Congress as it has been constituted since Congresses were. And it is because the Northern people had been slowly educated up to the point of seeing this state of things, chiefly since and by means of the Anti-Slavery Movement, and of the consequent effort to rescue themselves from the consequences of its indefinite duration and extension, that the slaveholders have proceeded to punish their contumacy by separating themselves from their society and leaving them to take care of themselves. For it must be remembered that this civil war is really a struggle of the North for the vindication of the rights of majorities to govern, and an insurrection on its part against the power that has ever governed it. And it should be further borne in mind that the plot of the slaveholders was not primarily secession, but the compulsion of a reconstruction of the Union through the threat of it, which should make their dominion perfect and perpetual.

We hold, therefore, that neither the friends nor the foes of popular institutions in Europe have any occasion of rejoicing on the one hand, or of discouragement on the other, because of any calamity that may befal the United States government. That government has never been a Republican government in anything but its forms, while the governments of the Northern States have been effectively such, excepting where defeated by that of the Nation, and have justified their existence by their effects on the happiness and material prosperity of their inhabitants. And now the real experiment of the virtue of the National government is to begin. It is to undergo the ordeal by fire. If it can come out triumphant it will take that place among the Powers of the earth which the greatness of the nation may justly claim, but of which it has been cheated by the base selfishness of its late political masters. If it has the virtue and the wisdom to rest its wager of battle upon the extirpation of slavery in the whole land, and make the reconstruction of Southern society on the basis of freedom its glorious object, it will be sure of victory and of the sympathy of the lovers of freedom everywhere. Then the American nation may indeed challenge the admiration and the imitation of the world and vindicate her claim to be the Model Republic of the Earth.

PERSONAL.

Secretary Seward left Washington on Tuesday, for his home in Auburn.

Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, has accepted an appointment in the staff of Gen. McClellan. This step, we presume, will not require him to resign his place in the Senate.

Professor James Martineau has recalled his acceptance of the invitation to deliver an address before the Autumnal Convention of the Unitarians, and to deliver a course of lectures on Theories of Ethics. The ground on which he postpones his transatlantic trip is that we are now absorbed, or *should* be, in our national struggle, and that the presence of a foreigner, speaking on other themes, would be little better than an impertinence.

We copy the following paragraph from the Ashtabula (O.) *Sentinel* of the 19th inst.

"Joshua R. Giddings was attacked on Saturday afternoon with a paroxysm of the complaint from which he has occasionally suffered (atrophe of the heart), and for a few minutes his symptoms were really alarming, but he is now doing well, and decided to be out of danger by his physician, and likely to be entirely recovered in a few days. Ever since the late defeat at Manassas, he has been very much excited, and has labored night and day, through the recent hot weather, in getting up the Twenty-ninth Regiment—making two trips to Columbus, and travelling and speaking all over the country—by which his physical strength has been over taxed."

Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, was assaulted on Saturday last on arriving at the dépôt in Dover, N. H. A man, apparently intoxicated, to whom an acquaintance had pointed out Mr. Hale as an "Abolitionist," stepped up to him, and with the remark, "You are one of the men who have brought all this trouble upon us," struck him in the face, knocking off his hat. Mr. Hale, seeing the condition of the man, replied, "Get out of my way," when the drunken man struck him again. Mr. Hale did not return the blow, but walked quietly away. The dépôt master and others interfered to prevent any further assault.

The fifty-first anniversary of the birthday of Rev. Theodore Parker was celebrated on Friday evening, Aug. 23d, at Allston Hall, Boston, by the "Fraternity" and members of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society. The hall, says *The Transcript*, was crowded platform was one garden of choice and fragrant flowers, contributed by his old associates and hearers. Addresses were made by S. B. Stebbins, the President of the Fraternity, Dr. O. H. Wellington, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, Wendell Phillips, Rev. William R. Alger, Charles H. Brainard, William Lloyd Garrison, and Charles W. Slack. An original ode was furnished by F. B. Sanborn of Concord, and John R. Manley read one of Mr. Parker's prayers. Music was furnished by a volunteer choir, and by one of the celebrated Hutchinson family, with his own family. The occasion was a delightful one to all present, and the festival appropriate and in excellent taste.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING IN GHENT.

GHENT, N. Y., Aug. 21, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

AN anti-slavery meeting of much interest was held here last evening. A. M. Powell opened the meeting by brief remarks. He referred to the present condition of public affairs as pertaining to the slavery question. He was glad of the meeting in our midst at this time, that clearer and more enlightened views of the war and its connection with slavery might obtain among the people. In the past we had held anti-slavery meetings counselling peaceable emancipation. We had appealed to the people of the North and of the whole country to take measures for the removal of slavery, but our counsels and our appeals had been disregarded, and now, as a righteous retribution, we were plunged into a horrible bloody warfare. The rebels were fighting for the supremacy of slavery. Their object was fixed and definite. The North was aimless and vacillating. As had been the case, we might still expect defeat until the issue became direct and avowedly for the overthrow of slavery.

William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., then addressed the meeting. He spoke of the Southern rebellion and of the little cause the South had for such a movement. The North had been true to the constitutional compromises in favor of slavery. And no one had given more faithful promises of loyalty to the pro-slavery compact than Abraham Lincoln. The rendition of fugitive slaves was the first topic of his inaugural address. Still, in his election upon the issue of non-extension, the South saw, as in "the handwriting upon the wall," the doom of slavery. Therefore secession. Without the proclamation of liberty to the four million of slaves, he did not think the North would be victorious in this conflict. He reviewed the progress of opposition to slavery in the political parties—first, the Liberty party, next Free Soil, and then Republican—now for the first time in the ascendancy. Now might be clearly seen what the Abolitionists had foretold, the determination of the South to forever rule, or ultimately to ruin. He believed, though there was much uncertainty in the present aspect of affairs, the right would, in the end, triumph. One who had foretold six months ago the confiscation of slave property as in the proclamation of the President would not have been believed. Our present duty, he thought, was to do all possible to create a public sentiment demanding the speedy removal of slavery under the war power.

His speech, of which I can give but a brief sketch, was earnest and effective, and was listened to with much interest.

Parker Pillsbury was next introduced. He said the Abolitionists had been accused of being the cause of the conflict between the North and South. But, on the contrary, they were the only ones who could wash their hands in innocency. They had been laboring to avoid it, but the people had refused to listen to the warning. Even the Democrats now confessed slavery to be the cause of the war, and if slavery were the cause, surely anti-slavery could not be. The remedy for any evil was the removal of the cause. The President waited only to know the wish of the people. When they demanded emancipation, he would gladly proclaim the edict. But with the lesson of the past before us we could not hope to conquer the South. Not that the Northern soldiers lacked courage or bravery, for an eye-witness of the battle at Bull Run and one present at the Crimean war said that the Old World never produced better fighting. He instanced the Florida war, waged to exterminate a few hundreds of Indians, with an expenditure of millions of dollars and the loss of many lives, and the tribe not yet exterminated, scarcely conquered. He also referred to the late attempt under Buchanan to subdue the Mormons, which resulted in bankruptcy to the treasury, leaving the Mormons a flourishing people. He spoke of the peculiarity of the present war. History throws no light upon it. It was not strictly a civil war, neither a servile, but he thought it would be one of the most desperate and bloody conflicts the world ever witnessed. There was no intervening ocean to cool the ardor of the belligerents. The influences of war were always unfortunate and demoralizing. Those who fought in the Revolution and survived were fearfully tainted with intemperance and vice. We now hear of killing men with the same complacency as a year ago of gathering the harvest. We are possessed of the devil of war.

There was an important work to do for those who did not take the sword. The government did not act, but waited to be acted upon. As the vane obeys the wind, so the President and Cabinet answered to the voices of those from whom they derived place and power. In the old grammars there used to be active and passive verbs. Too many of the people were passive verbs. We needed to be more earnest. The young, especially, should be prepared for the emergency and know for what they live. He concluded with an eloquent and forcible exhortation to the young to become fully acquainted with the wealth of their spiritual inheritance, and so to qualify themselves for the stern duties of manhood and womanhood which lie before us.

The audience, though not large, was very attentive. The present is a timely period to preach the genuine gospel of anti-slavery. There is a growing conviction that slavery is the disturbing element in the country. May the day of its overthrow soon come.

Yours in the slave's cause, ANNA RICE POWELL.

Our Boston Correspondence.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE SUMMARY.—The prelude of excuses—A literary parallel—The Doctrine according to Events—Many are saved, and by what—Common schools for uncommon times—Our brethren of the boarding-house—Mr. Blanchard again audible—The Plethora of Faith—Pussy stroked backwards—The Creative Era.

BOSTON, August 26, 1861.

I HOPE you have observed with proper regret that I have not written for some weeks. The extreme heat of the weather is my best excuse for silence. For, being assured by several intelligent subscribers to your journal that my letters were not mine, but were furnished by your Regular Correspondent, I could not think of supporting a double personality in the dog-days. When the thermometer is above ninety, one's nomal amount of flesh is only "too, too solid," without assuming that of anybody else. Beside, I doubted whether it was right to increase the labors of commentators on your Regular Correspondence, by furnishing an appendix of doubtful matter to that multitudinous text. By the way, how friendly it would have been had the gentleman who wrote the spurious plays of Shakspeare informed us of the fact in distinct and unequivocal language. To be sure, Mr. Grant White of your city might have been put on half-rations by such a proceeding, but the general good would have justified the confession. You think it would have seemed a little presumptuous if the citizens who wrote Yorkshire Tragedies, Widows of Watling Street, and what not, had made an affidavit of innocence of all Lears and Hamlets? Nevertheless, there are German Schlegels and other purblind characters, who would have been spared much groping by such a superfluity. Mr. Parker used to say that the most stupid men in a college class always became clergymen; but there are exceptional individuals who possess a profundity of dullness that no congregation can tolerate, and these, you know, become *commentators*. So, for the benefit of such devoted laborers, who cannot be expected to distinguish the game-flavor of an "Occasional" from the stall-fed juices of a Regular Correspondent, I will again state that I am only supplying the pulpit of that eminent teacher who is your appointed minister in this place, and whose speedy return to the scene of his former labors is anxiously desired.

And it is not altogether the weather, as you well know, that has made our lives hot and feverish of late. A tyranny of events glares over us as the "copper sky" hung over the Ancient Mariner. Those old history-books are interpreted by the passing hour; once the great movements of horror they told seemed insubstantial pageants; but the rough business going on [illegible] Dr. Holmes has given in prose the true lyric of the war, for which the twelve hundred muses were invoked in vain. His last Atlantic-paper is truly a stereograph in words, which fixes the rush of excitements over ou nerves as clearly as Anthony takes the moving carts and omnibuses of Broadway. This war speaks many things where common times are dumb. Do you think we trouble ourselves with your good logic, which warns us we are fighting back an old spell of evil? Men are ever saved by this, that common emotions are truer than the common understanding. "We know we're free, and there's an end on't"! exclaimed Dr. Johnson when bejuggled with the "interminable ravelment" of the fate argument; so there is an instinct exclaiming, All is well! in this present struggle, though men's lips may not fully state exactly how it is to come about. The seeds of nobler manners, purer laws, than we have yet known are cast through these departing regiments. There are officers among them who serve at great personal inconvenience, and whose sole motive is the faith that out of the war shall come such freedom as we have only prated of before. I have the pleasure to assure you that the highest truths connected with this matter are not too thin and distant for militant embodiment. Some of the best men among us are in the volunteer army; all have sons or brothers among the soldiers, and are being educated by enlightened sacrifice. When Progress struggles into the life of the world, perhaps as much is learned by suffering for it as by acting for it. Even our pallid "New England Bramins" have begun to doubt whether book-learning and education are synonymous, and are grafting their dwarfed culture to bear a healthy human fruit. The latent heroism never came out of us till, after that Bull Run defeat, we seemed surrounded with perils to justify despair. Then the old standards of success were swept away. To get on, to make a figure, to succeed in life—how dead seem these watchwords of a year ago! Now, to be unknown, to suffer, to die, are the futures which better men go forward to meet. And shall we not confess at last the antagonism between natural feeling, natural justice, and the sham of a dead political expediency? If New England were to answer, I think there could be no doubt of the reply.

Do not think there are no syren-islands of compromisers in this bracing Red Sea. Not that these fabulous beings are to be heard upon Change, or indeed in such households as well-mannered people are likely to visit. But if a man wishes to listen to their dangerous sweetness, let him take the arm of some bachelor friend connected with the mercantile interest, and accept his invitation to dine at "our boarding-house." Take common humanity over its victuals as supplied by a contractor, and you apply a microscope to its moral, social, and political character. Boarding-house people are always in a state of chronic complaint when at table; and the landladies have just now good cause to thank Davis, Patterson, and the rest of them, that it isn't the butter or the pickles. There appear to be some half-dozen red-faced gentlemen in colored waistcoats, the oldest boarders at as many *establishments*, who are still under the "d—d Abolitionist" delusion, and actually believe that it is freedom and not slavery that keeps their vessels at the dock. Then, too, our excellent Mr. Blanchard, a sort of brigadier-general among the peacemen, has again appeared with a printed manifesto. One infinitely respects his motives in preparing this new "Plan for terminating the War"—and a very good plan it may be after we have fairly beaten the rebels and are in a position to dictate terms. He proposes to have two distinct republics; and truly if our chivalrous brothers are permitted to retain the institution which has caused all this mischief, we should be amply remunerated for the cost of their long entertainment by the relief and satisfaction of getting rid of them. I cannot demonstrate the entire weakness of this opposition without noticing the existence of a few people, having family or business connections with the South, who are in the constant vibration of a very sensitive neutrality, and tick on both sides with the regularity of a pendulum. Such waverers emulate the sagacity of that tribe, living between Christians and Mahometans, described in one of the racy letters of Lady Wortley Montagu. These *Arnaouts* (so I believe she calls them) declaring that they were utterly unable to decide which religion was the best, and being mindful of the great peril of rejecting the truth, very prudently voted to believe *both*. So they went to Mosque on Friday and to Church on Sunday, and received the celestial countersign from priest and derviah.

I mention these things that you may see I do not ignore the forces against us in saying that we are united as never before, and in a spirit really fine and noble. Look at our little *Transcript*, which used to purr about the tea-tables with the gentle monotony of a domestic cat—why, it has put up its back as if Touzer himself was barking on the stairs! The old ladies will not care much for the tax on tea, if they can make up the stimulus from the *gunpowder* of their favorite journal. It is as critical and clever as a young *Tribune*—and not half so *ismy*.

We are, perhaps, too feverishly expectant for the life that shall be, to see all the interest there is in this its formative period. There has been so much vulgarity and meanness about our prosperity, so much that was rhetorical and superficial in our culture, that it is hard to believe in the brave vitality which at length struggles with the colossal despotism of our times. Of course, we can never do anything, or get anything done without an irrepressible wordiness. But so long as we come to the act at last, let us hold the breath and ink well expended!

* * X.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.

MR. CAMERON is still blundering. Only the other day, by his order, a fugitive slave who had been hanging around one of the New York regiments, was arrested and sent back to his master, who claims to be loyal. Cameron's order was not exactly for the arrest of the slave, but gave permission to an officer to enter the lines for that purpose. *The Star*, published here, says with considerable satisfaction, "the Secessionists up at Rockville were a good deal surprised when they were shown the order of the Secretary for the arrest of the slave." No wonder! *Why* Secretary Cameron should take particular pains, as the head of the War Department, to exhibit alacrity in the business of slave-catching, no one can tell, but it was not less a blunder than a crime. Mr. Cameron is one of that band of men connected with the government who is ready to sweep slavery from this continent if it stands in the way of the Union. I have said this before, and repeat it now. Mr. Cameron is not a friend to the institution of slavery, but he is frequently *used* by its friends, and in a manner calculated to injure his reputation.

The government is waking to a sense of the real character of the rebellion, but it is still behindhand. The rebels are bitterly in earnest, while Mr. Seward dreams of compromise and easy subjugation. As Mr. Seward is, so is the President, for the New York Secretary has complete control of Mr. Lincoln. The two men agree. Seward, possessing the stronger intellect, manages him, not unfairly or dishonestly, but by argument. There is not stamina enough in the government. The rebel prisoners taken in battle in Western Virginia *were released*, while nearly a thousand of loyal troops occupy the Richmond tobacco factories. Boteler, the rebel Congressman, is set free after arrest; while Ely of Rochester is subjected to the gibes and insults of Pryor, Miles and Keitt in Richmond. Washington is still full of traitors! They swarm in our very midst, and the government does not fully realize the danger it is in. But it is doing a great deal more than it has done heretofore. There is improvement. More energy is displayed and greater determination to squelch out treason in the free States. If it will but take a few more steps in advance, there will be stronger hope of a Union victory than there is at present.

The effect of our repulse at Bull Run upon the English people is just beginning to be seen here, and, as a matter of course, it causes much soreness and some indignation. This is natural enough. The people of England cannot fail to recognize the fact that the Federal forces were beaten at the battle of Bull Run. That is an undeniable fact. But it is not the people of England who jeer at our government, who laugh at our calamity—it is *The Times* which descends to this malignant meanness, and not the English people. It is for us to win the hearty sympathy of the people of Europe *by our conduct* in the future, and it can be done only by noble conduct. There is the best of evidence that we have nothing to fear from England and France so long as we fight well ourselves. The European governments will not interfere with our blockade, *if we make it effective*, nor will they recognize the Southern Confederacy if we can make it appear before Christmas that we can subdue the rebellion, or are in a fair way to do it. If the government desires the sympathy of the English people, it must take up the question of slavery in earnest, for it can win it in no other way. I learn from good authority that Mr. Seward is perfectly easy respecting our foreign relations, at least for the present. Of course, Europe will not wait forever for us to put down this slaveholding rebellion, but there is really no occasion for anxiety so far as foreign governments are concerned. The true cause for anxiety is our own government and our own people. Is this Administration *capable* of carrying on the war successfully? That is the grand question of the hour. And are the people ready to make the necessary sacrifices to win a glorious triumph? If they are not, the sooner we have separation the better, and it little matters where the line runs. If the Administration is incapable, or corrupt, there is a way to remedy the matter. We can have a new Administration, but nothing can make over the people, if they are not sound at the core—at least in time to preserve the Union.

The cry against certain members of the Cabinet is still kept up, and it is evident that the people are not satisfied with the present constitution of the Cabinet. It is the desire of the people that two or three members vacate their seats. Not one of them will do so unless so requested by President Lincoln, and he has not nerve enough for such an act. There will be no change then in the Cabinet, it is safe to say, until we meet another great reverse on the field of battle, which it is to be hoped we may avoid in the future. But nothing short of a second Bull Run will arouse Mr. Lincoln sufficiently to make a change in his Cabinet. That the President is not a great man, or a statesman, everyone who has watched his course will admit; but he is an honest man, and if he took his own course, uninfluenced by others, he would do well. Unfortunately he is not great enough to see through the bad men who attempt to use him for their selfish purposes. The infamous New York *Herald* has to-day more influence in the White House than *The Tribune*, yet he who has watched *The Herald's* course carefully must feel that its editor and proprietor is not a true friend of the country and the government. As if to keep on good terms with the President, *The Herald* writes fulsome panegyrics of Mrs. Lincoln, which disgust all people of taste. Yet, somehow, *The Herald* seems to stand the higher in Executive quarters thereafter. These are little matters, but have to be taken into account in measuring the ability and power of the Administration. It is the naked truth, that we have a weak but honest President, and a Cabinet made up principally of fourth-rate men. It is in spite of these defects that the government will triumph. It is the *cause* which will conquer, if we do conquer. It will be *the people* who will carry the flag to New Orleans, if it is carried there at all; and statesmanship, and, I fear, great generalship, will have little to do with it. It is then of great importance just now to know whether the people will carry the war on. The charge is openly made here that the anti-slavery men, the respectable Republican masses of the free States, who would not compromise and who were in favor of the war, have shirked any participation in it, and while they talk loud, expect Irish and German Democrats to do the bloody work on the battle-field. This, I believe, is unjust, but it is true that the North must send her best men to carry on the war, or she will be beaten. The government has been somewhat discouraged at the conduct of many of the free States. This I know to be a fact, and if a premature peace should be patched up, it will be because the people, by their backwardness in enlisting, give the government good reason to suppose that they do not desire the war to go on. It were madness to pursue the war, unless we are morally certain of future victories. Continuous defeats will carry us under the heel of Jefferson Davis, and there is doubt this very moment whether it is not the purpose of the rebel leaders, if they can gain another great victory over us, and take Washington, to extend the rule of Davis over the free States and "save the Union" in that way. They would be aided in such a scheme at once by thousands of Northern Democrats.

The arrests in this city and the disposition on the part of the government to suppress treasonable journals looks as if the Administration were growing more determined to use all the powers in their hands to put down the rebellion. The secessionists of Washington begin to tremble. The arrest of Mayor Berrett, and of some of the treasonable women of the Capital, has already had a wholesome effect upon our people. It was actually safer here to be a rebel than a loyalist. The secessionists have been heard to boast that they were secure under Mr. Lincoln, and by taking the side of the rebels they would also make themselves safe in case Beauregard should capture the city. The same is, or has been, true of Baltimore. It was actually a safer thing for the citizen to be a traitor than loyal to the government! If the government pursues an aggressive policy towards traitors, no matter where they are to be found, it will very soon become dangerous for rebels to tarry this side of Beauregard's lines. AVON.

REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER.

SUNDAY EVENING, Aug. 25th, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE pastoral relation hitherto existing between the Congregational Church in Jewett City, Ct., and the Rev. H. T. Cheever, terminated to-day. The occasion of his farewell sermon drew together a large concourse of people from the village and the adjoining towns. The preacher took for his text that comprehensive passage of Paul's Autobiography, found in the 20th chapter of Acts—"*For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.*"

The sermon was, in general, a review of his five years ministry in connection with that people—years that reached from the striking down of a Northern Senator by a Representative assassin from the South on the floor of the Senate Chamber, through the dark days of Kansas, the Dred Scot decision, and by John Brown's scaffold and grave, down to the "reverse" of Bull Run—years that will fill more pages of American history than any period of equal length since the revolution. Through these years Mr. Cheever has wrought, in season and out of season, always in harmony with some of his Church, scarcely ever with the whole.

And he has not labored in vain—through the blessing of God the Church (if we are correctly informed) is nearly a third larger than when he became its pastor. Most of the members have *grown*, and the intellect of the village has been decidedly quickened by the discussion of subjects brought to the notice of the people by the earnest and fearless utterances of the Congregational pulpit.

Once, during the time, in consequence of attempts to enforce the law against the sale of ardent spirits, he was threatened with personal violence, beside having his house set on fire, which was providentially discovered in time to prevent serious loss.

Mr. Cheever has dared to speak upon all matters upon which God has spoken—not in ambiguous, meaningless and therefore popular phrase, but so that he could be understood. He has dared to call sin SIN—dared to say that a man's religion ought to influence his political action—dared to say that the command to "let the oppressed go free" is as binding upon us as it was upon the people to whom it was spoken—and to-day, as they listened breathlessly to his earnest utterances, not an individual, friend or foe, but said in his heart, "after all, like or dislike, what an infinite advance beyond a milk-and-water man."

What he proposes for the future we do not know. One thing is sure—he will not be idle. Working and waiting he will live and die, and the next generation will write upon the monument they will build over his grave—

"Our fathers thought him too fast, but he was right."

Yours, ——

CHILDREN'S MEETING.

LONGWOOD, Chester Co., Pa., Eighth mo., 20, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE Children's meeting was interfered with by the rain, which made it impossible to go to the Park. The meeting-house, however, notwithstanding the rain, was literally packed, and we had children from places 20 and even 25 miles distant. Notwithstanding the disappointment about the anticipated out-door exercises, I did not see a sorry face. It was a time of great enjoyment, and no tears were shed except when a touching story caused the dew to settle about the eyes, as upon the clover tops or rose buds in the morning. Larooqua (the Waving Reed) sat in the committee room, dressed in Indian costume, and at a point in the address brief allusion was made to the race which used to tread this soil before the acorns were planted from which our stately oaks have grown, and the children were asked if they would not like to see a living specimen of that wronged and outraged people? The door opened and in came Larooqua! The effect on the children was startling, but pleasant.

The slave was remembered, and, it being the anniversary month of British W. I. Emancipation, the guilt and shame of our people in oppressing the poor and needy were the subject of earnest rebuke. We closed the services by a prayer of thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father, and went on our way rejoicing.

MEETING OF FRIENDS OF PROGRESS.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 20.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I AM just come from the Yearly Meeting of Friends of Progress in North Collins, Erie Co. The attendance was large, and life, earnestness and interest were manifested.

A day was spent in discussing the cause and remedy of our present national crisis. Charles D. B. Mills, of Syracuse, Mr. Burrows, Mr. Hunter, P. D. Moore, and others, spoke, and there seemed a strong and earnest conviction through the audience that *only by the emancipation of the slaves* could success, honor, or peace, be gained; that all efforts to quell rebellion otherwise would fail, and that thus only could future safety be possible.

Other topics occupied the rest of the time, and at five o'clock on Sunday afternoon, the 18th, the audience of some 1,500 persons slowly left "Hemlock Hall," in which they met, and passed out from the forest grove in which it stands to the road. It was interesting indeed to stand on the verge of the grove and see hundreds of vehicles winding along hill-sides and spreading over valleys in that pleasant country. Yours truly,

G. B. STEBBINS.

THE INDIANS AND THEIR WRONGS.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

A LARGE meeting was held at Longwood, Chester Co., Pa., on the 18th inst. The Convention was called to order by J. M. Beeson, when, on motion, J. A. Dugdale was appointed Chairman and Lewis Marshall Secretary. Resolutions were offered, setting forth the outrages perpetrated upon the Indian tribes and the duty and justice of redressing, as far as possible, the heinous wrongs inflicted upon them. John M. Beeson spoke impressively, when Larooqua (the Waving Reed), of the Penobscot tribe, electrified the auditors by her thrilling songs. A proposition was made to petition the President and Cabinet on the subject. The vote was taken by the whole assembly rising to their feet.

RADICAL CHANGE OF OPINION.—Our readers will remember an extract of a private letter, in THE STANDARD of July 20th, from "AN OCTOGENARIAN," of Salem, Mass., who, although he had been a zealous anti-Abolitionist all his life, expressed himself in favor of "freeing every slave in the country," in order to put down the accursed rebellion. We have before us another letter from the same venerable citizen, from which we venture to copy as follows:

"I was amused to see THE STANDARD of the 20th in my box, and laughed outright to see the notice of the Octogenarian. I have indeed been deadly opposed to the Abolition Movement all my days, and always ready and willing to aid the law officers in carrying out the Fugitive Slave law. I was on hand in Boston when Burns was delivered up to his master. But a radical change has come over me since this Rebellion was instituted. When the first gun was fired at Sumter I became as 'rabid' and 'wild' on the subject as even Wendell Phillips or Garrison is; and I am now ready to hold up both hands for freeing this continent, north of the isthmus of Darien, forever after this from the curse of slavery. Confiscate, I say, every inch of land belonging to anyone who has anything to do in the rebellion, and give it to the negroes, or settle them on a territory large enough to constitute a nationality by themselves."

A change in the opinions of one private citizen is not, in itself, of much importance; but our Octogenarian is a type of a large class who, after life-long hostility to the anti-slavery cause, are now in favor of freeing the slaves as the only means of putting down the Rebellion. We hope the government may ere long have the courage to do what duty and policy alike demand at its hands.

IT IS TOO TRUE.—The London *Examiner* has this paragraph at the close of a long article on the repulse in Virginia:

"Let it not be supposed for a moment that we have any leaning to the South. We abhor the vicious institution to which they cling, and which taints and injures everything in the country; and what we most blame the North for is its readiness to wade through blood to reconnect itself with slave States, and lend itself again to the capture of poor fugitives claiming the right to their own bodies. If the North had been sincere and honest as regards slavery it would have rejoiced at the secession of the South delivering it from any part in the abomination. But it was ready to make all concessions to satisfy the Southern States as to slavery, and its sole tenacity has been to the protective tariff. To continue to profit by this wrong to the South, and all commercial interests, it would gladly compound for all wrongs to the blacks."

We confess with shame that *The Examiner* has good grounds for what it says of the position of the North hitherto in respect to slavery; but the people, we trust, are coming rapidly to see that the only path to victory lies through an emancipation of the slaves; and, when they do see this, they will not long hesitate to take a step which will secure the sympathy of the whole civilized world, and set their cause right on the page of history.

New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR SEPTEMBER.

The Atlantic Monthly for September will not disappoint the expectations of its readers in respect either of the variety or the inherent interest of its contents. We annex a list of the articles, with the names of the writers, so far as they are known:

"The Shakespeare Mystery," by Richard Grant White; "The Bath," a poem (very good), by Bayard Taylor; "Saccharissa Melassys," a dashing and amusing caricature, throwing a strong light upon Southern manners and morals, by the lamented Major Winthrop; "My Odd Adventure with Junius Brutus Booth," a very interesting story of real life, happily told, by James Freeman Clarke; "My Out-Door Study," a delightful picture of summer life, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson; "A Sermon in a Stone," a poem; "Agnes of Sorrento," continued, by Mrs. Stowe; "The Aquarium" scientific, historical and practical, by Dr. D. W. Cheever; "The Young Repealer," a true story, admirably told, by Harriet Martineau; "Bread and the Newspaper," a characteristic article by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "Under the Cloud and Through the Sea," a poem; "Journal of a Privateersman" (the sloop Revenge, Newport, R. I.), on a cruise against the Spaniards in 1741, written on board, by the Captain's Quartermaster; "The Advantages of Defeat" (at Bull Run), by Charles E. Norton; "Ode to Happiness," by James Russell Lowell; "Elizabeth Barrett Browning," an obituary sketch, by W. W. Story; "Reviews and Literary Notices."

From Dr. Holmes's article, "Bread and the Newspaper," we take the following extracts.

THE WAR-FEVER AND ITS EFFECTS.

"How this war is simplifying our mode of being! We live on our emotions, as the sick man is said in the common speech to be nourished by his fever. Our common mental food has become distasteful, and what would have been intellectual luxuries at other times are now absolutely repulsive.

"All this change in our manner of existence implies that we have experienced some very profound impression, which will sooner or later betray itself in permanent effects on the minds and bodies of many among us."

"We all know what the *war fever* is in our young men—what a devouring passion it becomes in those whom it assails. Patriotism is the fire of it, no doubt, but this is fed with fuel of all sorts. The love of adventure, the contagion of example, the fear of losing the chance of participating in the great events of the time, the desire of personal distinction, all help to produce those singular transformations which we often witness, turning the most peaceful of our youth into the most ardent of our soldiers. But something of the same fever in a different form reaches a good many non-combatants, who have no thought of losing a drop of precious blood belonging to themselves or their families. Some of the symptoms we shall mention are almost universal; they are as plain in the people we meet everywhere as the marks of an influenza, when that is prevailing.

"The first is a nervous restlessness of a very peculiar character. Men cannot think, or write, or attend to their ordinary business. They stroll up and down the streets, they saunter out upon the public places. We confessed to an illustrious author that we laid down the volume of his work which we were reading when the war broke out. It was as interesting as a romance, but the romance of the past grew pale before the red light of the terrible present. Meeting the same author not long afterwards, he confessed that he had laid down his pen at the same time that we had closed his book. He could not write about the sixteenth century any more than we could read about it, while the nineteenth was in the very agony and bloody sweat of its great sacrifice.

"Another most eminent scholar told us in all simplicity that he had fallen into such a state that he would read the same telegraphic dispatches over and over again in different papers, as if they were new, until he felt as if he were an idiot. Who did not do just the same thing, and does not often do it still, now that the first flush of the fever is over? Another person always goes through the side streets on his way for the noon *extra*—he is so afraid somebody will meet him and *tell* the news he wishes to *read*, first on the bulletin-board, and then in the great capitals and leaded type of the newspaper.

"When any startling piece of war-news comes, it keeps repeating itself in our minds in spite of all we can do. The same trains of thought go tramping round in circle through the brain like the supernumeraries that make up the grand army of a stage-show. Now, if a thought goes round through the brain a thousand times in a day, it will have worn as deep a track as one which has passed through it once a week for twenty-years. This accoun

bones and marrow. The camp is deprovincializing us very fast. Poor Winthrop, marching with the city *élégants*, seems almost to have been astonished to find how wonderfully human were the hard-handed men of the Eighth Massachusetts. It takes all the nonsense out of everybody, or ought to do it, to see how fairly the real manhood of a country is distributed over its surface. And then, just as we are beginning to think our own soil has a monopoly of heroes as well as of cotton, up turns a regiment of gallant Irishmen, like the Sixty-ninth, to show us that continental provincialism is as bad as that of Coös County, New Hampshire, or of Broadway, New York.

"Here, too, side by side in the same great camp, are half a dozen chaplains, representing half a dozen modes of religious belief. When the masked battery opens, does the 'Baptist' Lieutenant believe in his heart that God takes better care of him than of his 'Congregationalist' Colonel? Does any man really suppose, that, of a score of noble young fellows who have just laid down their lives for their country, the *Homoousians* are received to the mansions of bliss, and the *Homoiousians* translated from the battle-field to the abodes of everlasting woe? War not only teaches what man can be, but it teaches also what he must not be. He must not be a bigot and a fool in the presence of that day of judgment proclaimed by the trumpet which calls to battle, and where a man should have but two thoughts: to do his duty, and trust his Maker. Let our brave dead come back from the fields where they have fallen for law and liberty, and if you will follow them to their graves, you will find out what the broad Church means; the narrow Church is sparing of its exclusive formulæ over the coffins wrapped in the flag which the fallen heroes had defended! Very little comparatively do we hear at such times of the dogmas on which men differ; very much of the faith and trust in which all sincere Christians can agree. It is a noble lesson, and nothing less noisy than the voice of cannon can teach it so that it shall be heard over all the angry voices of theological disputants."

"Whatever miseries this war brings upon us, it is making us wiser, and, we trust, better. Wiser, for we are learning our weakness, our narrowness, our selfishness, our ignorance, in lessons of sorrow and shame. Better, because all that is noble in men and women is demanded by the time, and our people are rising to the standard the time calls for. For this is the question the hour is putting to each of us: Are you ready, if need be, to sacrifice all that you have and hope for in this world, that the generations to follow you may inherit a whole country whose natural condition shall be peace, and not a broken province which must live under the perpetual threat, if not in the constant presence, of war and all that war brings with it? If we are all ready for this sacrifice, battles may be lost, but the campaign and its grand object must be won.

"Heaven is very kind in its way of putting questions to mortals. We are not abruptly asked to give up all that we most care for, in view of the momentous issues before us. Perhaps we shall never be asked to give up all, but we have already been called upon to part with much that is dear to us, and should be ready to yield the rest as it is called for. The time may come when even the cheap public print shall be a burden our means cannot support, and we can only listen in the square that was once the market-place to the voices of those who proclaim defeat or victory. Then there will be only our daily food left. When we have nothing to read and nothing to eat, it will be a favorable moment to offer a compromise. At present we have all that nature absolutely demands—we can live on bread and the newspaper."

From Mr. Norton's article, "The Advantages of Defeat," we give an extract.

OUR DUTY AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

"The duty before us is honorable in proportion to its difficulty. God has given us work to do not only for ourselves, but for coming generations of men. He has imposed on us a task which, if well performed, will require our most strenuous endeavors and our most patient and unremitting exertions. We are fairly engaged in a war which cannot be a short one, even though our enemies should before long lay down their arms; for it is a war not merely to support and defend the Constitution and to retake the property of the United States, not merely to settle the question of the right of a majority to control an insolent and rebellious minority in the republic, nor to establish the fact of the national existence and historic unity of the United States; but it is also and more essentially a war for the establishment of civilization in that immense portion of our country in which, for many years, barbarism has been gaining power. It is for the establishment of liberty and justice, of freedom of conscience and liberty of thought, of equal law and of personal rights, throughout the South. If these are not to be secured without the abolition of slavery, it is a war for the abolition of slavery. We are not making war to reëstablish an old order of things, but to set up a new one. We are not giving ourselves and our fortunes for the purpose of fighting a few battles, and then making peace, restoring the Southern States to their old place in the Union—but for the sake of destroying the root from which this war has sprung, and of making another such war impossible. It is not worth while to do only half or a quarter of our work. But if we do it thoroughly, as we ought, the war must be a long one, and will require from us long sacrifices. It is well to face up to the fact at once, that this generation is to be compelled to frugality, and that luxurious expenses upon trifles and superfluities must be changed for the large and liberal costliness of a noble cause. We are not to expect or hope for a speedy return of what is called prosperity; but we are greatly and abundantly prosperous, if we succeed in extending and establishing the principles which alone can give dignity and value to national or individual life, and without which, material abundance, success in trade, and increase of wealth are evidences rather of the decline than of the progress of a State. We, who have so long been eager in the pursuit and accumulation of riches, are now to show more generous energies in the free spending of our means to gain the invaluable objects for which we have gone to war. There is nothing disheartening in this prospect. Our people, accustomed as they have been during late years to the most lavish use of money, and to general extravagance in expense, have not yet lost the tradition of the economies and thrift of earlier times, and will not find it difficult to put them once more into practice. The burden will not fall upon any single class; and when each man, whatever be his station in life, is called upon to lower his scale of living, no one person will find it too hard to do what all others are doing.

"But if such be the objects and the prospects of the war, it is plain that they require more sober thought and more careful forecasting and more thorough preparation than have thus far been given to them. If we be the generation chosen to accomplish the work that lies ready to our hands, if we be commissioned to so glorious and so weighty an enterprise, there is but one spirit befitting our task. The war, if it is to be successful, must be a religious war: not in the old sense of that phrase, not a war of violent excitement and passionate enthusiasm, not a war in which the crimes of cruel bigots are laid to the charge of divine impulse, but a war by itself, waged with dignified and solemn strength, with clean hands and pure hearts—a war calm and inevitable in its processes as the judgments of God. When Cromwell's men went out to win the victory at Winceby Fight, their watchword was '*Religion.*' Can we in our great struggle for liberty and right adopt any other watchword than this? Do we require another defeat and more suffering to bring us to a sense of our responsibility to God for the conduct and the issue of this war?

"It is only by taking the highest ground, by raising ourselves to the full conception of what is involved in this contest, that we shall secure success, and prevent ourselves from sinking to the level of those who are fighting against us. The demoralization necessarily attendant upon all wars is to be met and overcome only by simple and manly religious conviction and effort."

In Mr. Story's Obituary sketch of Mrs. Browning we are glad to find a recognition of her interest in the great struggle between Liberty and Slavery in America.

MRS. BROWNING AND AMERICA.

"Nor was Mrs. Browning so much engrossed in the Italian regeneration that she had no thought for other nations and for other wrongs. Her interest in America was very great—

> 'For poets (bear the word!),
> Half-poets even, are still whole democrats:
> Oh, not that we're disloyal to the high,
> But loyal to the low, and cognizant
> Of the less scrutable majesties.'

In Mrs. Browning's poem of 'A Curse for a Nation,' where she foretold the agony in store for America, and which has fallen upon us with the swiftness of lightning, she was loath to raise her poet's voice against us, pleading—

> 'For I am bound by gratitude,
> By love and blood,
> To brothers of mine across the sea,
> Who stretch out kindly hands to me.'

And in one of her last letters, addressed to an American friend who had reminded her of her prophecy and of its present fulfilment, she replied—'Never say that I have "cursed" your country. I only *declared the consequence of the evil* in her, and which has since developed itself in thunder and flame. I feel with more pain than many Americans do the sorrow of this transition-time; but I do know that it is transition, that it is crisis, and that you will come out of the fire purified, stainless, having had the angel of a great cause walking with you in the furnace.' Are not such burning, hopeful words from such a source worthy of the grateful memory of the Americans? Our cause has lost an ardent supporter in Mrs. Browning; and did we dare rebel against God's will, we should grieve deeply that she was not permitted to glorify the Right in America as she has glorified it in Italy. Among the last things that she read were Motley's letters on the 'American Crisis,' and the writer will ever hold in dear memory the all but final conversation had with Mrs. Browning, in which these letters were discussed and warmly approved. In referring to the attitude taken by foreign nations with regard to America, she said: 'Why do you heed what others say? You are strong, and can do without sympathy; and when you have triumphed, your glory will be the greater.' Mrs. Browning's most enthusiastic admirers are Americans; and I am sure, that, now she is no longer of earth, they will love her the more for her sympathy in the cause which is nearest to all hearts."

MRS. BROWNING'S LAST ILLNESS, DEATH, AND BURIAL.

Mr. Story gives an account, more complete than we have elsewhere seen, of Mrs. Browning's last illness, death, and burial:

"Mrs. Browning's illness was only of a week's duration. Having caught a severe cold of a more threatening nature than usual, medical skill was summoned; but, although anxiety in her behalf was necessarily felt, there was no whisper of great danger until the third or fourth night, when those who most loved her said they had never seen her so ill; on the following morning, however, she was better, and from that moment was thought to be improving in health. She herself believed this; and all had such confidence in her wondrous vitality, and the hope was so strong that God would spare her for still greater good, that a dark veil was drawn over what might be. It is often the case, where we are accustomed to associate constant suffering with dear friends, that we calmly look danger in the face without misgivings. So little did Mrs. Browning realize her critical condition, that, until the last day, she did not consider herself sufficiently indisposed to remain in bed, and then the precaution was accidental. So much encouraged did she feel with regard to herself, that, on this final evening, an intimate female friend was admitted to her bedside and found her in good spirits, ready at pleasantry and willing to converse on all the old loved subjects. Her ruling passion had prompted her to glance at the 'Athenæum' and 'Nazione'; and when this friend repeated the opinions she had heard expressed by an acquaintance of the new Italian Premier, Ricasoli, to the effect that his policy and Cavour's were identical, Mrs. Browning 'smiled like Italy,' and thankfully replied—'I am glad of it; I thought so.' Even then her thoughts were not of self. This near friend went away with no suspicion of what was soon to be a terrible reality. Mrs. Browning's own bright boy bade his mother good-night, cheered by her oft repeated, 'I am better, dear, much better.' Inquiring friends were made happy by these assurances.

"One only watched her breathing through the night—he who, for fifteen years, had ministered to her with all the tenderness of a woman. It was a night devoid of suffering *to her*. As morning approached, and for two hours previous to the dread moment, she seemed to be in a partial ecstasy; and though not apparently conscious of the coming on of death, she gave her husband all those holy words of love, all the consolation of an oft-repeated blessing, whose value death has made priceless. Such moments are too sacred for the common pen, which pauses as the woman-poet raises herself up to die in the arms of her poet-husband. He knew not that death had robbed him of his treasure, until the drooping form grew chill and froze his heart's blood.

"At half-past four, on the morning of the 29th of June, Elizabeth Barrett Browning died of congestion of the lungs. Her last words were, '*It is beautiful!*' God was merciful to the end, sparing her and hers the agony of a frenzied parting, giving proof to those who were left of the glory and happiness in store for her, by those few words, '*It is beautiful!*' The spirit could see its future mission even before shaking off the dust of the earth.

"Gazing on her peaceful face with its eyes closed on us forever, our cry was *her* 'Cry of the Human.'

> 'We tremble by the harmless bed
> Of one loved and departed;
> Our tears drop on the lips that said
> Last night, "Be stronger-hearted!"
> O God! to clasp those fingers close,
> And yet to feel so lonely!
> To see a light upon such brows,
> Which is the daylight only!
> Be pitiful, O God!'

"On the evening of July 1st, the lovely English burying-ground without the walls of Florence opened its gates to receive one more occupant. A band of English, Americans, and Italians, sorrowing men and women, gathered around the bier containing all that was mortal of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Who of those present will forget the solemn scene, made doubly impressive by the grief of the husband and son? 'The sting of death is sin,' said the clergyman. Sinless in life, *her* death, then, was without sting; and turning our thoughts inwardly, we murmured *her* prayers for the dead, and wished that they might have been her burial-service. We heard her poet-voice saying—

> 'And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
> That this low breath is gone from me,
> And round my bier ye come to weep,
> Let one most loving of you all
> Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall—
> He giveth His beloved sleep."'

"But the tears would fall, as they bore her up the hill, and lowered 'His beloved' into her resting-place, the grave. The sun itself was sinking to rest behind the western hills, and sent a farewell smile of love into the east, that it might glance on the lowering bier. The distant mountains hid their faces in a misty veil, and the tall cypress-trees of the cemetery swayed and sighed as Nature's special mourners for her favored child; and there they are to stand keeping watch over her.

> 'Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
> *Toll slowly!*
> And I said in under-breath, All our life is mixed with death,
> And who knoweth which is best?
>
> * * * * * * * * *
>
> 'Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
> *Toll slowly!*
> And I 'paused' to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness—
> Round our restlessness, His rest.'

"Dust to dust—and the earth fell with a dull echo on the coffin. We gathered round to take one look, and saw a double grave, too large for *her;* may it wait long and patiently for *him!*

"And now a mound of earth marks the spot where sleeps Elizabeth Barrett Browning. A white wreath to mark her woman's purity lies on her head; the laurel wreath of the poet lies at her feet; and friendly hands scatter white flowers over the grave of a week as symbols of the dead.

"We feel as she wrote—

> 'God keeps a niche
> In heaven to hold our idols; and albeit
> He brake them to our faces, and denied
> That our close kisses should impair their white,
> I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
> The dust swept from their beauty, glorified,
> New Memnons singing in the great God-light.'"

"It was meet that Mrs. Browning should come home to die in her Florence, in her Casa Guidi, where she had passed her happy married life, where her boy was born, and where she had watched and rejoiced over the second birth of a great nation. Her heart-strings did not entwine themselves around Rome as around Florence, and it seems as though life had been so eked out that she might find a lasting sleep in Florence. Rome holds fast its Shelley and Keats, to whose lowly graves there is many a reverential pilgrimage; and now Florence, no less honored, has its shrine sacred to the memory of Theodore Parker and Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

"The present Florence is not the Florence of other days. It can never be the same to those who loved it as much for Mrs. Browning's sake as for its own. Her reflection remains and must ever remain; for,

> 'while she rests, her songs in troops
> Walk up and down our earthly slopes,
> Companioned by diviner hopes.'

"The Italians have shown much feeling at the loss which they, too, have sustained—more than might have been expected, when it is considered that few of them are conversant with the English language, and that to those few English poetry (Byron excepted) is unknown.

"A battalion of the National Guard was to have followed Mrs. Browning's remains to the grave, had not a misunderstanding as to time frustrated this testimonial of respect. The Florentines have expressed great interest in the young boy, Tuscan-born, and have even requested that he should be educated as an Italian, when any career in the new Italy should be open to him. Though this offer will not be accepted, it was most kindly meant, and shows with what reverence Florence regards the name of Browning. Mrs. Browning's friends are anxious that a tablet to her memory should be placed in the Florentine Pantheon, the Church of Santa Croce. It is true she was not a Romanist, neither was she an Italian—yet she was Catholic, and more than an Italian. Her genius and what she has done for Italy entitle her to companionship with Galileo, Michel Angelo, Dante, and Alfieri. The friars who have given their permission for the erection of a monument to Cavour in Santa Croce ought willingly to make room for a tablet on which should be inscribed,

SHE SANG THE SONG OF ITALY.
SHE WROTE "AURORA LEIGH."

The publishers of *The Atlantic*, Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, Boston, announce, that "while they will spare no exertions to maintain the high literary position it has gained, they are sensible that in the presence of the great events now agitating the country and the world, something more than a mere literary character is demanded of a journal like *The Atlantic*. They will aim, therefore, to give to its future issues a political tone in keeping with its high literary standing, devoting much of its space to the discussion of important aspects of the great questions of the day, and giving to its pages additional freshness, variety, and importance, by the presentation of the best thought, in Prose and Poetry, upon different phases of the nation's great struggle."

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLIES FOR JULY.

American Edition—Leonard Scott & Co., 54 Gold Street, New York.

The London Quarterly contains the following articles; 1. Thomas de Quincy; 2. Montalembert on Western Monachism; 3. The English translators of Virgil; 4. Maine's Ancient Law; 5. Scottish Character; 6. Russia on the Amoor; 7. Cavour; 8. Democracy on Trial.

The last of these articles, as the reader will naturally infer, is a discussion, from the Tory-English stand-point, of the American crisis. The cause of our civil war, it is stoutly affirmed, is not slavery, but Democracy as opposed to Monarchy!

The Edinburgh contains ten articles, of which the titles are as follows: 1. Popular Education in England; 2. Literary Remains of Albert Durer; 3. Carthage; 4. The Novels of Fernan Caballero; 5. Watson's Life of Porson; 6. The Countess of Albany, the last Stuarts, and Alfieri; 7. Buckle's Civilization in Spain and Scotland; 8. Du Chaillu's Adventures in Equatorial Africa; 9. Church Reformation in Italy; 10. Count Cavour.

The contents of the *Westminster* are as follows: 1. Life and Letters of Schleirmacher; 2. The Salmon Fisheries of England and Wales; 3. The Critical Theory and Writings of H. Taine; 4. Mr. Mill on Representative Government; 5. The Countess of Albany; 6. Equatorial Africa and its Inhabitants; 7. Mr. Buckle's History of Civilization in England; 8. Christian Creeds and their Defenders; 9. Contemporary Literature.

An extract from article 6 will be found on our fourth page this week.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for August (L. Scott & Co.'s American Reprint) contains the following articles: 1. Joseph Wolff; 2. On Manners; 3. Vaughan's Revolutions in English History; 4. Norman Sinclair—conclusion; 5. The Royal Academy and the Water-Color Societies; 6. Mad Dogs; 7. Another Minister's Autobiography; 8. Three Days in the Highlands.

FALSELY ACCUSED.—The mobs of 1835–6, by which anti-slavery meetings were broken up, lecturers pelted with brickbats and rotten eggs, presses destroyed, etc., were invariably spoken of by the pro-slavery press as "*Abolition* mobs," in order to throw the whole weight of public odium upon the persecuted class. The *Journal of Commerce*, with more plausibility, but falsely still, describes the agencies by which certain treasonable papers were lately destroyed as "*anti-slavery* mobs." This is a new illustration of the rule, "Heads I win, tails you lose." Why does not *The Journal of Commerce* follow its own logic and call these last mobs "Democratic"? The pretence that Abolitionists have had anything to do with them is utterly false. The simple fact is, that many of the very class who once followed the lead of the pro-slavery press in mobbing the Abolitionists are now turning the weapons of violence against their former teachers. The treasonable pro-slavery press is reaping as it sowed; the power which it invoked to crush out the Abolishionists is turned against itself. The lachrymose pleadings of that press now in behalf of freedom of speech afford a striking but lamentable illustration of the basest type of human hypocrisy.

INTERESTING DISCUSSION.—The Central Republican Club of this city has had under discussion in its weekly meetings, for four successive weeks, this resolution: "That the surest and quickest way to end the rebellion and establish a permanent peace is to declare immediate and unconditional emancipation." Mr. Oliver, Dr. Kennady of Syracuse, Mr. Sinclair Toucey, Rev. Hiram Mattison, and others, have spoken strongly in favor of the resolve, while Mr. Poor, Mr. Riddle and others have opposed it. Mr. Mattison's speech, delivered on Tuesday evening, the 20th inst., is said to have been eloquent in manner and powerful in argument. It was received with shouts of applause by a crowded auditory. The discussion will be continued on Tuesday evening next, at Room No. 24, Cooper Institute.

Chronicles of the War.

THE LATEST NEWS.

THE Government, within the last week, has evinced a determination to pursue a more energetic policy in the prosecution of the war. It has arrested a large number of persons who are known to have given aid and comfort to the enemy, taken efficient measures to stop up the channels of intercourse heretofore open between the rebels of the South and their sympathisers at the North, dismissed a large number of secession Clerks from the various Bureaus in Washington, and laid its hand upon some of the leading presses openly or covertly in sympathy with the rebellion. These measures have given great satisfaction and encouragement to the loyal people of the North, while they seem likely to result in the defeat of cunningly devised plans of Northern demagogues to embarrass the government and bring about a peace on terms incompatible with the honor of the North and sure to consign her to the sway of the Slave Oligarchy.

We have by way of Cincinnati a report that Col. Tyler's forces, at Summerville, in the Kanawha Valley, have been surrounded and defeated by the rebels, under the command of the notorious traitor Floyd. No particulars are given, and implicit reliance cannot be placed on the report.

From Missouri we learn that the rebel, Col. Green, instead of threatening Athens as he was supposed to do, is retreating at full speed toward the Missouri River, to escape from the State. Gen. Hurlbut is pursuing him from Kirksville, and Col. Moore from Athens; so it is not unlikely that he will be overtaken with a notable defeat. This movement is likely to rid Northeastern Missouri of the rebels. The rebel force at New Madrid, under General Pillow, is stated to be 20,000; at Benton, under Jeff. Thompson, 8,000; at Charleston, under Gen. Hunter, 800.

There are now some 35,000 troops in the field in the Western Department under Gen. Fremont. The army of the West will not move down the Mississippi with less than 100,000. Equipment goes on very rapidly, and several incidents have transpired within the last few days which show that Gen. Fremont will not be hampered by red tape—that when the public exigencies demand it he will not hesitate to assume the gravest responsibilities.

Two prisoners, officers of distinction, reached Washington a day or two ago, having escaped from Richmond. It took them eight days and nights to reach the Potomac, eating green corn and grains of wheat on the way, and making a small raft, which they secured by tearing up their shirts into strips, they committed themselves to the water, and were picked up by the gunboat Union nearly opposite Acquia Creek. They bring important news from Dixie. Among other things, they say that the rebels admit their defeat at Bull Run, and dread a repetition of that fight. Had we stood still fifteen minutes longer, the rebel officers confess their troops would never have recovered. Dissensions in the government of Jeff. Davis threaten the existence of the whole concern, say these gentlemen, and disease and want are working most fearfully upon the ranks of their soldiers.

We have important news from Fortress Monroe. The naval expedition, of which vague rumors have come to the public ear during the last few days, has set out, its destination not being announced, or even hinted at. The fleet consists of the frigates Minnesota and Wabash, the sloop-of-war Pawnee, the gunboats Monticello and Harriet Lane, the steamers Adelaide and George Peabody, two propellers, and a large number of schooners, barges, and other small craft. The Quaker City was to follow in a few hours after the departure of the main fleet, which seems to have taken place on Monday. The vessels carried over 100 guns and about 4,000 men.

SUPPRESSION OF SECESSIONIST NEWSPAPERS.

Since the 8th of August seven secessionist newspapers in the free States have been suppressed by mobs; four others in New York and one in Brooklyn have been presented by the Grand Jury of the Federal Court, and their transportation by mail forbidden by the Post-Office Department; one published in Philadelphia has been suppressed by the United States Marshal, and another in Pennsylvania has received a warning. Altogether fourteen Northern journals guilty of promulgating treasonable doctrines have been summarily rebuked; while *The True American*, at Trenton, New Jersey, has suspended publication through fear of mob-law.

The office of *The Farmer* at Bridgeport, Connecticut, was destroyed by a mob on Saturday night. An attempt had been made to hold a "peace" meeting in the afternoon at Stepney, a town ten miles north of Bridgeport; but the Union men dispersed the Secessionists, tore down the secession flag which had been erected, and organized a Union meeting, of which Elias Howe, Jr., was chairman, and P. T. Barnum, secretary. The peaceable citizens endeavored to dissuade the mob from proceeding to acts of violence, but without effect, for *The Farmer* office was completely sacked at an early hour in the evening. A riot also occurred in Danbury, in the same State, on Saturday, occasioned by the efforts of the "peace" men to hold a meeting.

The following list shows the dates of these violent demonstrations, in chronological order:

August 8th.—*Democratic Standard*, Concord, N. H. Destroyed by a mob; contents of the office burned in the street.

August 12th.—*Democrat*, Bangor, Maine. Mobbed, and contents of office destroyed.

August 16th.—*Journal of Commerce, Daily News, Day Book*, and *Freeman's Journal* of New York, and *The Eagle* of Brooklyn, presented by the Grand Jury of the United States Circuit Court.

August 19th.—*Jeffersonian*, Westchester, Pennsylvania. Destroyed by a mob.

August 19th.—*Sentinel*, Easton, Pennsylvania. Destroyed by a mob. The editor of *The Easton Argus* warned.

August 19th.—*Democrat*, Haverhill, Massachusetts. The editor, Ambrose L. Kimball, tarred and feathered and ridden upon a rail; afterward recanted, promising to publish no more articles in favor of secession.

August 22d.—*Stark County Democrat*, Canton, Ohio. Destroyed by a mob.

August 22d.—*Christian Observer*, Philadelphia, Pa. Suppressed by the United States Marshal.

August 22d.—*New York Daily News* seized in Philadelphia by the United States Marshal.

August 22d.—Order from the Post-Office Department forbidding mail transportation of *New York Journal of Commerce, Daily News, Day Book*, and *Freeman's Journal*, and *Brooklyn Eagle*.

August 24th.—*Farmer*, Bridgeport, Connecticut. Destroyed by a mob.

August 24th.—*True American*, Trenton, New Jersey. Suspends publication "until such time (should it ever occur) when we can, under the guaranties of the Constitution and the law, publish it without the fear of mob-law or of governmental dictation."

August 24th.—Threatening denunciations against *The Gazette*, Wilmington, Delaware; the Mayor and police interfere.

In this list the four Secessionist papers suppressed in St. Louis, Missouri, by order of the Federal military authorities, are not included.

In "cleaning out" the office of the Bridgeport *Farmer*, a United States mail-bag was found filled with papers addressed to leading Secessionists in Alabama, Georgia, and other Southern States, also some two hundred wooden billies, turned and furnished with strings for the wrist. These clubs were made from shovel-handles, and were probably furnished by a secession shovel manufacturer in Bridgeport. Some curious letters were also discovered, exposing the treason of politicians in Hartford and elsewhere.

The news agents in New York refused to transmit the proscribed papers; so also did Adams's Express. The publishers of *The Daily News* thereupon sought to distribute their papers through the American Express Company, but the bundles were promptly seized by the authorities.

TERRIBLE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN TENNESSEE.

A citizen of East Tennessee, in a letter addressed to Senator Andrew Johnson and dated Jamestown, Russell Co., Ky., Aug. 16, says:

"I arrived at this point to-day, in company with about 240 men from Morgan, Roane, Scott, Fentress and Overton Counties. We have just decided to proceed to Camp Robinson, near Lancaster. We are out of money, and travelling on the generosity and hospitality of our Union friends of Kentucky. We left our homes by different routes, and are together at this point as it were by chance.

"You may rest assured that the state of things in East Tennessee is indescribable. Many of our people, upon bare suspicion, are arrested and taken prisoners, insulted, abused, and taken into military camps, there to be disposed of as the rebel mob think proper. Squads of cavalry and infantry are continually scouring the country, offering our people, male and female, every indignity that these ruffian bands are capable of; destroying our crops and subsistence, without regard to the condition or circumstances of the persons; pasturing their horses in our corn fields, wasting our haystacks, taking provisions of every description without regard to quantity, not even asking the price or tendering an equivalent therefor in any shape whatever.

"The heart and the feelings of the people of Tennessee are still for the Union, and will so continue as long as there is one gleam of hope left to an oppressed and down-trodden people. Let us have arms and the munitions of war, and we will drive these invaders of human rights beyond the borders of our State, or the last man will perish in the attempt.

"The East Tennesseeans are trying to get into Kentucky for the purpose of arming and organizing companies, battalions, regiments and brigades, or in such force, with whatever aid we can receive from Kentucky and elsewhere, and then going back to their native homes to relieve those whom they have left behind. We expect now to reach Camp Robinson in three or four days, where we shall meet a large number of our East Tennessee friends, and, if possible, hope you will be there soon to aid us by your counsel."

Here is a part of a letter in the Cincinnati *Commercial*, which records the expatriation of more than 200 men for no reason than that they would not become traitors at the command of Davis:

DANVILLE, Ky., Aug. 20, 1861.

On yesterday at noon, 214 East Tennesseeans, refugees from Southern tyranny, passed through Danville. Their progress was not that of loud huzzas and acclamations, for spectator and refugee were filled with emotions too deep for utterance. Escorted by a large number of citizens, they marched in silence through the streets to the Seminary yard, where a bountiful dinner was prepared by the generous hospitality of the citizens for their benefit. Not a shout greeted them, but the mingled indignation and astonishment that paled the cheeks of loyal men and women, when they beheld this evidence of the tyranny of the Southern Confederacy, spoke volumes in behalf of Union and liberty. The privations that these men had undergone in making their escape were clearly shown by the worn and tattered appearance of their clothing. Nearly all the men without coats—some with bare shreds of shirts—others with pants worn threadbare—while some were even without shoes. Many of them had their guns with them, which they had managed to preserve from the vigilance of the patrols which were daily marching up and down the Tennessee border to prevent such escapes. They had been compelled to either acknowledge the authority of the Southern Confederacy, or seek safety in flight. Like noble and true patriots they preferred the latter, and bidding a last adieu to parents, wives and children, they took to the bushes and fled to Kentucky. *Every one had fled in the night.* Some of them were men of property, but expressed fears that it would be taken from their wives and children, whom they had left behind, and appropriated to the benefit of Jeff. Davis's army. Said an old man who had addressed the crowd after they had eaten heartily, "they told me I must support Jeff. Davis or leave the country. I fled through the mountains to old Kentucky. For sixty years I had looked up to the stars and stripes (pointing up to the banner), and if the Lord lets me, I intend to look up to them for sixty years longer." It was rustic language, but it came from as true and patriotic a heart as e'er beat in human bosom. Some of these poor fellows were deeply affected, and unable from their emotions and choked utterance to say more than that they had left wife, and home and children.

LATER FROM MEMPHIS, TENN.

We have just had an interview with a gentleman who has recently "got out of the wilderness," having resided in Western Tennessee for some years past.

No more volunteers can now be had in Tennessee, and as the authorities have already made preparations for the drafting of troops, our informant concluded it was about time to make the sacrifice of his means which he had so long deferred in hopes of an ultimate settlement of our national troubles, and by process which we do not deem it prudent here to mention, made his way to the Northern States, seeing at Louisville the old United States flag for the first time in many months.

At Memphis, business of all kinds is suspended, excepting that pertaining to army supplies, transportation of troops and war munitions.

The chain story of Gen. Pillow is true in its every particular; in fact, his entire system of defenses of Memphis was ridiculed and made the by word, until councils voted to remove the obstructions to the streets of the city, and Pillow's cotton bale barricades and forts vanished. They are badly off for officers in the Valley of the Mississippi, and military matters are pretty thoroughly mixed. Major-Gen. Polk has very little weight—is all fuss and gas—and people are very tired of his presence. The stocks of goods are running very low, as may be supposed, throughout the entire South. They will soon be badly off for boots and shoes. Drug stocks are particularly broken, and the very item of *salt*—or the want of it, rather—is likely to put them to their trumps.

It has been prohibited by law to kill any sow pig in the South this season, looking to the production of their own pork to feed the negroes upon the coming Winter—but without salt they cannot keep the pork a week after they have killed their pigs, and what to do they do not know. Salt cannot be smuggled in any quantity in trunks, as quinine or percussion caps, but big ships must log along and run the blockade in order to be of any benefit. If the blockade be perfected they will suffer beyond endurance *for salt alone.*

Money is plenty in Tennessee; the State pays, the first of each month, as soon as the accounts are audited, bills for transportation and subsistence of troops of the previous month. The means of raising money from banks and bankers is somewhat in keeping with the teaching and practices of the rebel chief.

A party wanting money takes Confederate bonds into a banker's and quietly asks for the amount of money he wants, generally very close on to the face of the bonds aforesaid, and the banker *smilingly forks over*, as he would be no friend to the South if he did not, and not only would his shop be spotted and himself placed under the ban, but, in Beauregard's classic language, "constraint might be used" to get the money.

About two thousand five hundred men from the North left Memphis at the outbreaking of the troubles, and as they made up the active portion of the business community, the city is flat enough.—*Phil. Inquirer.*

CONDITION OF NEW ORLEANS.

The perpetual boast that New Orleans is not seriously affected by the blockade, and that plenty and even prosperity prevail, is best answered by their own papers. For instance, *The Crescent* of the 17th records the opening of a free market, the doors of which were beset by a large crowd. "The doors were closed at 1 o'clock, up to which hour supplies had been given to 723 families, divided among the different districts of the city as follows: First District, 384; Second District, 57; Third District, 113; Fourth District, 169. Allowing three persons to each family, which we are informed by members of the Committee is not a large average, the number of persons relieved would amount to 2,169."

The Wheeling *Intelligencer* has the following notice of New Orleans and its newspapers:

"Among the most welcome of our daily newspaper visitors, formerly, were the journals of New Orleans. Now they reach us but rarely, and only through the good offices of the Express Company. They come to us shorn of their fair proportions, and showing in every column how disastrous to themselves, as well as to New Orleans, Louisiana, and the Southern States generally, this secession business has been. *The Picayune*, which used to issue frequent supplements of four additional pages, now comes reduced to a single sheet, while its evening edition is a quarter sheet containing only two pages of printed matter. *The Delta* is cut down in the same deplorable way. But it is more as illustrations of the depression of business generally, than of the newspaper business particularly, that we look at these shrunken New Orleans daily papers. Look under the head of 'Commercial' of *The Picayune* of August 1, and the first line we read is 'Cotton—Thus far we have not heard of a sale,' which shows a lively state of the cotton market. There are some small operations in sugar and molasses, and some sales of flour at from $7 25 to $9 75 per barrel, which is just about double the price in Northern cities. Hay was selling in small lots at $33 to $35 per ton,' mess pork at $24 per barrel, and there is nothing more to speak of under *The Picayune's* commercial report of a day's transactions in what was one of the greatest commercial cities of America. Under the head of 'Marine News,' we have the somewhat pompous standing notice that Mr. John S. Washington and assistants are the only authorized Marine and River News Reporters for *The Picayune.* Mr. John S. Washington and assistants have a rather cheerful and exhilarating time, for their business for the day was to report 'No clearances,' and the arrival of four small-sized river steamers. The entire contents of the copy of *The Delta* before us consist of seven columns of reading matter and five of such advertisements as we have described. At the head of the paper appears the announcement, 'We have got no papers this morning, either by mail or express,' which shows a lively condition of postal affairs, and must be encouraging to editors and assistants. The editorials consist of glorifications over Manassas, and abuse of 'Old Abe.' The news consists of extracts of private letters from Virginia and from Richmond papers out of date, with a few telegraph dispatches, and clippings from old Northern papers, which have probably been saved from the *ante bellum* times to furnish miscellaneous 'copy.' Altogether, this examination of these sickly New Orleans papers gives one of the gloomiest pictures yet presented of the present condition of things in that once proud, busy, and prosperous city."

QUARREL AMONG THE SECESSIONISTS.

Washington, Friday, August 23.—The government has reliable information that a quarrel has broken out among the leading traitors of the rebel States, that promises to be as disastrous to them as was the Bull Run affair to us. The belligerents are Toombs and the Virginians and North Carolinians on the one side, and Davis, Wigfall and the extremists of South Carolina on the other. The complaint among the disaffected is, that Davis is making rather fast to the legitimate results of treason, the abnegation of State and individual rights.

The Governor of Georgia, you recollect, protested against some acts of President Davis, and it is here understood that in doing so he acted in concert with the malcontents at Richmond. The quarrel between these parties has already reached the extent that the disaffacted do not hesitate to openly denounce Davis in the streets and public places of Richmond.

The near approach of the time for choosing a President is probably the cause of this outburst, and it is supposed the coming canvass for the successorship will be as embittered as any Presidential contest under the old government. Strangely enough, South Carolina, that has always been so clamorous for State Rights, is now the firmest for a consolidated government; but the Virginia politicians are true to the principles of '98.

NO MORE INTERCOURSE WITH THE REBELS.

The following order has been published by the Postmaster-General:

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT, August 14, 1861.

The President of the United States directs that his proclamation of the 16th inst., interdicting commercial intercourse with the so-called Confederate States, shall be applied to correspondence with those States, and has devolved upon this Department the enforcement of so much of its interdict as relates to such correspondence. The officers and agents of this Department will, therefore, without further instructions, lose no time in putting an end to written intercourse with those States, by causing the arrest of any express agent, or other person, who shall, after the promulgation of this order, receive letters or papers to be carried to or from those States, and will seize all such letters and forward them to this Department.

(Signed) M. BLAIR, Postmaster-General.

The Adams Express Company having applied to the proper authorities for the construction to be placed on the clause in the President's Proclamation relating to the interdiction of commercial intercourse with the so-called Confederate States, and learning that it was intended to include letters, immediately issued orders to all their officers to cease receiving letters without waiting for the expiration of the limit of time named in that document. It is not known what action, if any, has been taken by the Letter Express Companies on this subject.

"SABLE CLOUDS."

PREPARING TO FIGHT.—The negroes in town have been secretly drilling for four months, and two regiments are said to be completed, waiting for the fortunate moment to take part in the war. One regiment is said to be commanded by a herculean negro named Green, who served a term in the penitentiary for attempting to rescue a fugitive slave.—*Phil. Cor. Herald.*

ESCAPE OF CONTRABANDS.—A correspondent of *The Evening Post*, writing from Newport News, August 21, says: "This morning, as I stood on the bank of the James River, I noticed a rebel sloop giving chase to a small boat containing three slaves, who were escaping from the other side. For a while it appeared as if the negroes were to fall into the hands of their pursuers, but at the critical moment the United States gun-boat Monticello steamed up and hurried to the rescue, driving the rebel sloop ashore, and rescuing the poor fugitives."

TAKEN BACK.—A letter from St. Mary's County, Maryland, dated August 15, says:

"There is quite a rush to our shore of the blacks from Virginia. On Tuesday morning last, a bateau, in which were ten likely negroes, was stranded on Cornfield Point. They got safe to land, and were taken up by the neighborhood patrol, and *last night*, I believe, they were taken back to Virginia. Is not this against a law of Congress recently passed? Virginia, which was so sensitive about losing a single fugitive slave, that she joined in this unnatural, rebellious war, is now having her negroes escaping by hundreds."

THE CONTRABAND SLAVES.—The Congress at Richmond has passed the following resolution:

"Resolved by Congress, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to

Miscellaneous Department.

CURE FOR GRUMBLING.

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touched upon the price of meat,
So high, a weaver scarce could eat.
"What with my brats and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life;
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.
How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine! his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree;
Why all to him? why none to me?
In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the parson preaches,
This world (indeed, I've thought so long)
Is rul'd, methinks, extremely wrong.
Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confus'd, and hard, and strange;
The good are troubled and oppress'd,
And all the wicked are the blest."
Quoth John, "Our ign'rance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of his ways alone we know,
'Tis all that man can see below.
See'st thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there—
So rude a mass it makes one stare!
A stranger, ign'rant of the trade,
Would say, 'No meaning's there convey'd;
For where's the middle? where's the border?
The carpet now is all disorder.'"
Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout—
Why, man, that *carpet's inside out*."
Says John, "Thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen:
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.
As, when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So, when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God;
No plan nor pattern can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth, and grace:
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side:
But when we reach that world of light,
And view those works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the Workman is divine,
What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurn'd,
For then the *carpet shall be turned*."
"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick; "no more I'll grumble,
That this sad world's so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right!"

PORTRAIT OF THE GORILLA.

[From a review, in *The Westminster* for July, of M. du Chaillu's Explorations in Equatorial Africa.]

In 1846, an American missionary, residing near the Gaboon, discovered, first a skull, and afterwards another skull and part of a skeleton, which he presented to Dr. Savage, of Boston: these, together with a third skull subsequently received, enabled Dr. Savage and Professor Jeffries Wyman to demonstrate the existence of a man-like animal before unknown to the scientific world.

Hanno, the Carthaginian, who is supposed to have made his voyage along the African coast in the sixth century before Christ, was sent out by the government of Carthage to circumnavigate the African continent. In the account of his voyage the following passage occurs:

"On the third day, having sailed from thence, passing the streams of fire, we came to the bay called the Horn of the South. In the recess was an island like the first, having a lake, and in this there was another island full of wild men. But much the greater part of them were women with hairy bodies, whom the interpreters called gorillas. . . . But pursuing them we were not able to take the men; they all escaped from us by their great agility, being *cremnobates* (that is to say, climbing precipitous rocks and trees), and defending themselves by throwing stones at us. We took three women, who bit and tore those who caught them, and were unwilling to follow. We were obliged, therefore, to kill them, and took their skins off, which skins were brought to Carthage, for we did not navigate further, provisions becoming scarce."

We give this very interesting passage because, though it is not a true description of any known animal, it suggested to Drs. Savage and Wyman the name which they gave to the animal first scientifically described by them in 1847. M. du Chaillu claims the honor of being the first white man who has hunted the gorilla, and who can speak of its character and habits from personal knowledge. Accepting his statement, we shall now endeavor to sketch the portrait of his novel and very interesting acquaintance.

The gorilla is a quadrumanous animal, whose height when erect usually varies from five feet two inches to five feet eight inches, although one skeleton is said to exist reaching six feet two inches. If we understand M. du Chaillu rightly, these measurements extend to the tip of the toe instead of to the heel, according to the method by which the height of human beings is taken; if so, the average stature of the animal is several inches less than that of man. The color of the gorilla's skin is an intense black, but the male animal, on being viewed at a short distance, does not appear thus black, because he is covered with hair the color of which, nearly all over the body, is a sort of iron-gray—its peculiarity being due to the fact that the individual hairs are ringed alternately black and gray. The head is covered with reddish brown hair, short and extending almost to the neck. The reddish crown which covers the scalp of the male is not apparent in the female till she is almost grown up; her hair is black with a decided tinge of red, and not ringed as in the male. In both male and female the anterior part of the chest is bare, and in both the hair is found to be worn off the back, but only in very old females. It is supposed that this is due to their sitting at night with their backs resting against trees under which they sleep.

The longest and darkest hair—sometimes over two inches long—is on the arms; from the shoulder to the elbow it grows downwards, on the forearm it grows upwards. The back of the hand is hairy as far as the division of the fingers, those, as in man, being covered with short thin hairs. The lower, or posterior extremities, are also thickly covered with hair, which on the foot extends to the division of the toes. Very old gorillas, the negroes say, become gray all over. Compared with the other anthropoid apes, the gorilla, owing to his enormous supra-orbital ridge, seems to have a remarkably flat and retreating forehead. He has an immense, overhanging frontal ridge, and the eyes are deeply sunken, thus giving to the face the expression of a constant savage scowl. The jaws are exceedingly projecting, of great weight, and tremendous power, and, in the male especially, are furnished with enormous canine teeth, approaching to the character of tusks. "The eyebrows are thin, but not well defined, and are almost lost in the hair of the scalp. The eyelashes are thin also. The eyes are wide apart; the ears are smaller than those of man, and in form closely resemble the human ear. They are almost on the same parallel with the eyes. On a front view of the face, the nose is flat, but somewhat prominent, more so than any other ape." The shoulders are extraordinarily broad, and the chest immense: the pectoral regions in the male show slightly projecting a pair of nipples as in the other apes and in the human species. The female mammæ have but a slight development. The abdomen is very large and prominent. The arms are enormously strong, and reach all but down to the knees. The forearm is nearly of uniform size from the wrist to the elbow. The legs are remarkably short, and nearly destitute of calf. The hands, especially in the male, are of immense size, the fingers short and thick, "the circumference of the middle finger at the first joint being in some gorillas over six inches." The thumb is shorter than in man, and not half so thick as the fore finger. The foot, though longer than the hand, is broad, and looks somewhat like a giant hand of immense power and grasp. The great toe, or "hallux," reaches only to the end of the first phalanx of the second toe, and diverges from the other toes at an angle of 60 deg. from the axis of the foot. In both position and function it is a true thumb. Each of its two joints measured, in one specimen, six and a half inches in circumference. The second, third, and fourth toes are partly united by a web.

The gorilla usually walks on all fours; the arms being very long, the head and breast are raised considerably, and he appears, as he proceeds, to be half erect. He does not place the palm of his hand on the ground, but the backs of the fingers, which are semi-flexed, the skin on the middle phalanx and knuckles being, in consequence, callous and very thick. M. du Chaillu says that the leg and arm on the same side move together, which gives the beast a curious waddle; also that the hind legs move between the arms, the latter being somewhat bowed outward. The gorilla can run at great speed; although he ordinarily progresses on all-fours, he not unfrequently walks erect, and there is no doubt, says M. du Chaillu, that he can do so with greater ease and for a longer time than either the chimpanzee or the nshiego-mbouve. When standing up, his knees are bent at the joints outwards, and his back has a stoop forward. Proceeding in this position, his legs seem to totter beneath his weight, and he uses his long arms in a clumsy way to balance himself and keep up his ill-sustained equilibrium. The strength of the gorilla is enormous; with his arms he can break trees from four to six inches in diameter; and with one blow of his huge paw, armed with its nails, he easily breaks the breastbone of a man, crushes his skull, or tears out his entrails. M. du Chaillu says that a negro, while out hunting *with him*, attempted to shoot a male gorilla, that his gun missed fire, and that being then defenceless, he was instantly struck down by a blow on the abdomen, the walls of which were torn open, laying bare part of the intestines. Beside the negro lay his gun; the stock was broken, and the barrel was not only bent but flattened. This flattening affords conclusive evidence of the enormous strength of the animal's jaw, and of his temporal muscles, as the barrel bore plainly the marks of his teeth.*

The only sounds uttered by the female and young, which were heard by M. du Chaillu, were sudden cries or shrieks expressive of alarm when intruded upon; the male when disturbed emits "several sharp barks like an enraged or mad dog, whereupon ensues a long, deeply guttural, rolling roar, continued for over a minute, and which, doubled and multiplied by the surrounding echoes of the forest, fills the hunter's ears with the deep rolling thunder of an approaching storm. . . . I have reason to believe," he adds, "that I have heard this roar at a distance of three miles."

There seems to be very generally, in the minds of the natives who come in contact with the gorilla, a strong instinctive feeling of his human attributes. Speaking of a young female gorilla which he had caught, and which soon afterwards died, M. du Chaillu says:

"While she was alive, no woman who was *enciente*, nor the husband of such woman dare approach her cage; they believed firmly, that should the husband of a woman with child, or the woman herself, see a gorilla, even a dead one, she would give birth to a gorilla and not to a man child. This superstition," he says, "I have noticed among other tribes too, and only in the case of the gorilla. . . . The natives believe, in all this country, that there is a kind of gorilla which is the residence of certain spirits of departed negroes. Such gorillas, the natives believe, can never be caught or killed; and also they have much more shrewdness and sense than the common animal; in fact, in these 'possessed' beasts, it would seem that the intelligence of man is united with the strength and ferocity of the beast."

After M. du Chaillu's first interview with the gorilla, he writes:

"I protest I felt almost like a murderer when I saw the gorilla this first time. As they ran they looked fearfully like hairy men; their heads down, their bodies inclined forward, their whole appearance like men running for their lives."

In another place he speaks of the gorilla's death-cry when shot as a

"Half roar, half shriek, which, while it announces to the hunter his safety, yet tingles in his ears with a dreadful note of human agony. It is this lurking reminiscence of humanity, indeed, which makes one of the chief ingredients of the hunter's excitement in his attack of the gorilla; and elsewhere he adds, "there is enough likeness to humanity in this beast to make a dead one an awful sight even to accustomed eyes as mine were by this time. . . . It was as though I had killed some monstrous creation which yet had something of humanity in it. Well as I knew that this was an error, I could not help the feeling."

Despite his immense canine teeth, and his vast strength, enabling him, doubtless, to capture and kill almost every animal frequenting the forest, the gorilla is a strict vegetarian. He is fond of the wild sugar-cane, the white ribs of the pine-apple leaf, the pith of some trees, and a pulpy pear-shaped fruit, growing close to the ground, called the *tondo*. (M. du Chaillu says—"I also am very fond of the subdued and grateful acid of this fruit, which the negroes eat as well as the gorilla.") He also feeds upon a kind of nut, the shell of which is so hard that it requires a strong blow with a heavy hammer to crack it. It has been suggested that the enormous strength of the animal's jaws, and of the temporal muscles, has been developed by the effort to crack these nuts. Considering the size and muscular force of the animal, and the nature of its food, it is obvious that it must be a huge feeder, and must quickly clear any limited area of the nourishment appropriate for it. The gorilla is necessarily, therefore, a great wanderer in search of fresh supplies, and in "constant battle with famine." It is not gregarious; more than two adults, male and female, never being found in company. A greater number of the young do associate; as many as five having been seen together. Sometimes an old male, we presume a widower, like the "rogue-elephant," wanders companionless. "He is particularly morose and malignant, and dangerous to approach." The female and young, and even the males, unless suddenly encountered, are so shy at the approach of man that it is exceedingly difficult to obtain accurate knowledge of their habits. There is reason to believe, however, that the young gorillas sleep in trees for protection from wild beasts. It seems more doubtful whether the adult female invariably does so, and tolerably certain that the adult male never does. It is his custom to seat himself for the night with his back against the trunk of a tree, keeping guard, it is believed, while his mate and offspring are reposing on the branches above. M. du Chaillu's experience of two young gorillas, one a male, which he seems to have kept about sixteen days, and the other a female, which he kept ten days, leads him to believe that the animal is wholly untameable. They both resisted capture with great strength and vehemence; one of the negroes engaged in the capture of the male received a severe bite from him on the hand, and another had a piece taken out of his leg. The little brute, though in age the merest baby, constantly rushed at his captors. After being put in a bamboo cage he was perfectly furious, darting at every one who came near him; he bit the bamboos of his house, glared at his attendants with sullen ferocious eyes, and showed in every motion a thoroughly malicious and intractable disposition. Having twice escaped from his bamboo cage, he was confined by a chain; after which, says M. du Chaillu, "He added the vice of treachery to his others. He would come sometimes quite readily to eat out of my hand, but while I stood by him would suddenly—looking me all the time in the face, to keep my attention—put out his foot and grasp at my leg. Several times he tore my pantaloons in this manner, quick retreat on my part saving my person. . . . The negroes could not come near him at all without setting him in a rage."

M. du Chaillu tried what starvation would do towards breaking his spirit, but in vain. Speaking of both his little captives, he says—"In no case could any treatment of mine, kind or harsh, subdue these little monsters from their first and lasting ferocity and malignity." They both died.

When hunted, or intruded on by man, the female gorilla rushes off with loud and sudden cries or shrieks. The young gorillas, except the babies in arms, do the same; the latter "grasps its mother about the neck, and hangs beneath her breast, with its little legs about her body," and is thus borne off. But the conduct of the adult male gorilla is far otherwise. It is believed that sometimes, when he hears the approach of the hunters, he quietly avoids them, for occasionally he has been tracked a considerable distance before being overtaken. The moment he sees his foe, however, he not only gives no sign of fear, but with deliberate courage advances upon him slowly, and with the certainty of fate. The only alternative of the hunter is to kill or be killed. Escape is impossible, and no arm except a good gun, rifle, or revolver, is a reliable weapon for attack or defence. The peril of the hunter's position is increased by the fact that he must not fire on his assailant till within eight or ten yards of him. The dense vegetation of the forest makes the aim dangerously uncertain at greater distances, while fatal accuracy is the only chance the hunter has of saving himself. Should the gun miss fire, or fail to kill, he is lost. It is worthy of remark, and much to the credit of the gorilla, that he evinces no desire either to torture his victim or even to be assured of his death. He is satisfied when his foe is effectually disabled. Having struck him down, he does not condescend to give him a second blow, but quietly retires, leaving him to his fate. His manner of advance to battle is very remarkable. On seeing his enemy, he first utters several short bark-like yells, which denote his rage, and have a peculiar horrible effect, accompanied with terrible scowls of savage fury. The short hair of the scalp and the skin of the forehead are rapidly agitated; his huge teeth are ground together so forcibly that the sound is distinctly heard, and his wrinkled face is contorted with ferocious excitement. He advances a short distance in the erect position with slow deliberate step, then stops, and, seemingly in a spirit of defiance, beats his capacious chest with such vehemence that the drum-like sound may be heard at a distance; he again advances, again stops, and, throwing back his head, utters his tremendous roar, already described, and occasionally will even sit down on a rock or branch of a tree, giving expression, meanwhile, to his terrible rage. At length he approaches, intending to close with his enemy, when, at the critical moment, one shot usually kills him, and he falls forwards to the ground. Like man, he dies very easily, having none of that tenacity of life which distinguishes many wild animals.

"The negroes never attack the gorilla with other weapons than guns; and in those parts of the far interior where no European guns had yet reached, as among the Apingi, this great beast roamed unmolested, the monarch of the forest. To kill a gorilla gives a hunter a life-long reputation for courage and enterprise, even among the bravest of the negro tribes, who are generally, it may be said, not lacking in this quality of courage.

"The natives of the interior are very fond of the meat of the gorilla, and other apes. Gorilla meat is dark-red and tough; the sea-shore tribes do not eat it, and are insulted by the offer of it, because they suspect some affinity between the animal and themselves. In the interior some families refuse to eat gorilla meat, from the superstitious belief (explained at length by M. du Chaillu) that at some time one of their female ancestors has brought forth a gorilla."

* Professor Owen, in his paper "On the Gorilla" (Proc. Zoöl. Soc. Jan. 11th, 1859), says he was told by the Captain of a Bristol trader that a negro at the Gaboon had shown him "a gun-barrel bent and partly flattened by the bite of a wounded gorilla in its death-struggle." Have two gun-barrels been thus bent and flattened?

O, THEN, fair Truth, for thee alone I seek,
Friend to the wise, supporter of the weak;
From thee we learn whate'er is right and just,
Creeds to reject, professions to distrust,
Forms to despise, pretensions to deride,
And, following thee, to follow naught beside.—*Crabbe.*

COMING HOME.

O BROTHERS and sisters, growing old,
Do you all remember yet
That home, in the shade of the rustling trees,
Where once our household met?

Do you know how we used to come from school,
Through the summer's pleasant heat;
With the yellow fennel's golden dust
On our tired little feet?

And how sometimes in an idle mood
We loitered by the way;
And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,
And in the fields to play;

Till warned by the deep'ning shadow's fall,
That told of the coming night,
We climbed to the top of the last, long hill,
And saw our home in sight!

And, brothers and sisters, older now
Than she whose life is o'er,
Do you think of the mother's loving face,
That looked from the open door?

Alas, for the changing things of time;
That home in the dust is low;
And that loving smile was hid from us,
In the darkness, long ago!

And we have come to life's last hill,
From which our weary eyes
Can almost look on that home that shines
Eternal in the skies.

So, brothers and sisters, as we go,
Still let us move as one,
Always together keeping step,
Till the march of life is done:

For that mother, who waited for us here,
Wearing a smile so sweet,
Now waits on the hills of paradise
For her children's coming feet!

—*Chambers's Journal.* PHŒBE CARY.

AMULETS, TALISMANS, AND CHARMS.

In this advanced age, when mystic attributes are denied by the learned to the whole family of talismans and amulets, it is difficult to withhold surprise at the number of great names in our literary and scientific annals which were once subscribed to a faith in their healing or preventive powers. When we know, however, that such men as Robert Boyle, Bacon, and the learned author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, did not altogether discountenance those charms, it can scarcely be wondered that a belief in their curative properties should yet survive, and that in many a nook and corner of civilized Europe people should still be found who openly avow the time-honored faith of their ancestors.

The belief of Philosopher Boyle had been, he assures us, practically tested; for a copious bleeding at the nose, to which he had long been subject, he found his best remedy in an amulet of moss which had grown in a dead man's skull. Burton praises some amulets, while deprecating the use of others. "I say with Renodius," he writes, "they are not to be altogether rejected. Peony doth cure epilepsy; a spider helps the ague, and precious stones most diseases."

The earliest mention of an amulet occurs in Galen. He informs us that in the opinion of the Egyptian king Nechepsus, who reigned 630 B.C., a green jasper cut into the form of a dragon surrounded by rays, would, if suspended from the neck, promote digestion in the wearer. Josephus relates, and it is an indirect proof of the prevalence of these charms in earlier ages, that when Solomon discovered a particular herb which he believed efficacious in the cure of epilepsy, he considered it advisable to employ the aid of a charm, either to increase its power or to popularize its merits. The root of the herb was concealed in a ring, and applied to the nostrils of the afflicted. Wonderful cures were thus wrought. The "Father of History" declares that he was himself present at its successful application by a Jewish priest, when the Emperor Vespasian and the tribunes of the army were co-witnesses to the experiment. More famous amulets were, however, those coins called the money of St. Helena: they were so named from one side bearing the effigy of Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine. They, again, had a special reputation for the cure of epilepsy. As such, according to Bozius, an author of the sixteenth century, one was worn by no less a personage than the Sultan Amurath. It is probable that one of our Christian kings was no less a believer, for in the wardrobe account of the fifty-fifth year of Henry III., among the valuables in charge of the keeper is enumerated a silken purse containing *monetam Sanctæ Helenæ*. This appellation, Du Cange considers, includes not only the money coined with the image of Helena, but all that of the Byzantine emperors which bore the impress of a cross. The same writer notices that nearly all the coins of this character which have been preserved are perforated near the edge, proving the extent of their former use as amulets.

In a very scarce work of Reginald Scott, the particular properties ascribed to each kind of amulet are enumerated. An agate, we learn, besides making a man eloquent, procures him the favor of princes, and cures the bites of scorpions; a topaz restores the insane; coral neutralizes the spells of witches, for which purpose it is still hung about the necks of children; chalcedony makes the wearer lucky in law, is of force against the illusions of the devil, and phantasies arising from melancholy; cornelian stops the flow of blood; sapphire expels gout, ague, and endows the wearer with courage; emerald strengthens the eyes, and helps a man to wealth. Of plants, heliotrope stanches the blood. Hyacinth protects from lightning. Dinothera, hung about the neck of any wild animal, will speedily tame it. The herb lunaria, gathered by moonlight, and worn round the wrist, will, according to Dr. Willis, subdue ague. Gray lunewort, applied internally, will remove hydrophobia; but when used as an amulet, will absolutely prevent mad dogs from biting. Besides these, Scott mentions particular kinds of stone, taken, under certain circumstances, from the *living* bodies of birds or serpents. "Alectorious," extracted from a capon four years old, will, when held in the mouth, prevent thirst, create increased affection between husband and wife, render the owner invincible. "Cheledonius," taken from a swallow, is a sure remedy for melancholy. To "Geranitis," taken from a crane, and "Dragonitis," from a dragon, similar virtues were ascribed.

In Greece, credence in the curative qualities of the amulet, though common, was not universal. Theophrastus broadly declared Pericles insane when that general was remarked wearing an amulet. The derision of Theophrastus does not seem to have affected Pericles, for we find in Plutarch, that when the famous Athenian was ill, he mutely pointed out his amulet to the friends who visited him, intimating by the action not only the fact of his indisposition, but also a confidence in the means of cure.

In Rome, on the contrary, amulets were of general adoption. There, plants gathered at prescribed seasons were deemed of superior power to minerals. Mount Colchis had an extensive reputation for producing the mysterious herbs, but Mount Caucasus is mentioned by Ovid as of even superior fame. So confident were the Romans in the power of their amulets, that when they failed in their effect, the mischance was attributed, not to any default in the charms, but to some mistake in their preparation. It is probable that, in the opinion of the emperors, this general credence of the Romans, by increasing the superstition, diminished the energies of the people; certain it is that, from some cause, the Emperor Caracalla, in the decline of the empire, prohibited the use of amulets by public edict.

In Babylon, the wearing of amulets assumed the character of an institution. From Plutarch, we learn that the soldiers wore rings on which an insect resembling a bee was inscribed; the judges suspended from their necks a figure of Truth composed of emeralds; and other forms for various purposes were in common fashion.

A talisman differs from an amulet by being more extensive in its influence, and more potent in its effect. According to the author of *Talismans Justifiés*, the principal authority on the subject, a talisman is the seal, figure, character, or image of a heavenly sign, constellation or planet, engraven either on a sympathetic stone, or a metal corresponding with, or under the protection of a particular star. The most celebrated were those of the Samothracians, which were merely peculiar images formed of iron and set in rings. The Egyptians had a variety of talismans, the principal being the *abraxas*, a cabalistic word which was by custom at last applied to the stone on which it was represented. Abrasax, or abraxas, is composed of the following letters, $\alpha, \beta, \rho, \alpha, \xi, \alpha, s$, making in Greek enumeration the number 365. This word was first used as a talisman by the disciples of Basil, the father of the monks of Pontus. Sometimes, with the word, the names of saints, angels, and even of Jehovah himself, were cut into the stone. Specimens of the abraxas as old as the third century are still extant.

To eggs which by some freak of nature have been either curiously fashioned or marked in some peculiar way, a talismanic power has been ascribed. This sort of *lusus naturæ* is by no means uncommon. Cleyerus, a naturalist of some eminence, describes one he saw in Batavia. The shape of the upper part as exactly resembled a serpent as though it had been carved by the cunning hand of a sculptor. At Rome, in 1680, an egg was hatched on the shell of which a representation of the comet of that year was roughly graven. Sebastian Scheffer says that he has seen an egg with the figure of an eclipse on it, and many other authors have recorded similar experiences.

Descending to more modern times, the most widely known talismans are those of the Maltese. Their origin, on the authority of the island tradition, can be traced to the moment when Paul, escaping shipwreck, was flung on the coast. The legend states, that on that occasion, while the apostle was in the act of igniting a bundle of sticks, a venomous viper, concealed among the fagots, fastened eagerly on his hand. To the astonishment of the spectators, St. Paul calmly shook off the intruder, and no harm followed the attack. To add to their wonder, the apostle subsequently cured the chief of the island and some of the inhabitants of various maladies to which they were subject. There is still found on the island a number of small stones, shaped and colored like the eyes, tongues, and other parts of serpents. The superstitious among the Maltese readily enough connect these productions of their soil with the foregoing tradition, and wear them as talismans, in which character they suppose them serviceable in warding off the effects of the evil-eye and the influence of poisons. They are found principally in the neighborhood of St. Paul's Cave, embedded in that soft stone which is in itself a speciality of the island. When found, being of no greater consistence than clay, it can easily be moulded to any required shape; but when exposed to atmospheric action, the sharpest instrument fails to penetrate its surface. Houses constructed of this material thus become, in process of time, solid as a rock. In this substance, the serpent-amulets of the Maltese are principally found. The eyes are so set in rings or bracelets, that the stone is in constant contact with the flesh of the wearer. When in the form of the tongue, liver, or heart, they are either suspended from the neck or fastened round the arm. They are also taken internally, dissolved in wine, which method, in the opinion of some, is attended with more immediate result. This faith of the Maltese has been rudely combated by Columera, Bucconi, Steno, and others, who assert that these miraculous stones are really no stones at all, but the petrified teeth of some fish of an extinct species which, ages and ages ago, have been deposited in the clay.

In Catholic countries, it is commonly believed that the little figures "Agnus Dei," blessed by the pope, have a sure effect in the prevention of disease. In the happier times of the papacy, such amulets were esteemed, and commanded a ready sale. But more potent than these was the sponge with which the table of the Holy Father had been wiped. Being chiefly valued for the cure of wounds, one was presented, with the greatest possible solemnity, by Gregory II. to the then Duke of Aquitaine. The principal talisman at present in use among the Asiatics, is a piece of paper on which the names of the Seven Sleepers and their dog is inscribed. It is usually pasted on the wall of the house in which situation it is supposed to exclude all ghosts, demons, and evil spirits.

Talismans, under the name of Kamea, were common among the Jews, although the Mishna forbids the wearing of any charm unless it has been previously three times successful in the healing of sickness. Of external applications in England, cramp-rings are supposed to prevent cramp; eel-skins, tied round the leg, have a similar repute. In a treatise on nervous disorders, by Dr. Willis, an amulet of peony root, cut into square pieces, and worn on the chest, is recommended in disorders of an epileptic character. The remedy, however, must be carefully changed whenever it becomes dry. With the addition of some elks-hoof, it is recommended by the doctor in cases of difficult teething. Nor is Dr. Willis the only physician who included the use of amulets in his pharmacopœia; Belort, during the plague of Marseille, advised amulets of mercury. He defended his opinion on the ground that the pestilence arose from the larvæ of certain insects infesting the air, and introducing themselves into the human system. Assuming this, he argued that the fumes of his mercurial amulet, penetrating the body, destroyed the mischievous venom. The same motives were advanced by Clogini when prescribing amulets of mercury for jaundice and the noxious vapors of inclement seasons. It is certain that some mineral substances will affect the body when applied externally; thus, tartar emetic, rubbed on the stomach will prevent vomiting. The talisman of our day, that of Charlemagne, is in the possession of the present Emperor of the French. Its pedigree is undoubted, having been found round the neck of Charlemagne at the opening of his tomb. It was appropriated by the town-council of Aix-la-Chapelle, and by them presented to the First Emperor. He, in turn, made a gift of it to Hortense, at whose death it came by descent to the present owner. It is somewhat larger than a walnut. The centre is composed of two rough sapphires, a portion of the holy cross, and some other relics of the Holy Land. These are enclosed in a filigree-work of fine gold, set with rare gems. A French journal, while describing the talisman as *La plus belle relique de l'Europe*, seems to hint that the good-fortune of Napoleon III. may in some degree be attributed to the charm of the great German.—*Chambers's Journal.*

UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

THY hill-tops, New England, shall leap at the cry,
And the prairie and far-distant West shall reply;
It shall roll o'er the land, till the fartherest glen
Gives back the glad summons again and again.

Oppression shall hear in its temple of blood,
And read on its wall the handwriting of God;
Niagara's torrent shall thunder it forth,
It shall burn in the sentinel star of the North.

It shall blaze in the lightning, and speak in the thunder,
Till Slavery's fetters are riven asunder,
And Freedom her rights has triumphantly won,
And our country her garments of beauty put on.

The forests shall hear it, and lift up their voice,
And bid the green prairies and valleys rejoice;
And the Father of Waters join Mexico's sea
In the anthem of Nature for millions set free.

J. G. W.

THE NEW ART OF PHONAUTOGRAPHY.

[An English weekly journal sums up the results of the new French discovery of the art of reporting speeches by sound—a very curious application of science which has already been briefly mentioned:]

Among all the marvels of mechanical ingenuity which are being daily brought to perfection, none are more interesting than those which aim at the accomplishment of some task apparently requiring intellect, in addition to mere mechanical dexterity, for its execution. It is difficult to conceive a mechanical operation which requires a greater exercise of intellect than that of verbatim reporting by means of short-hand. Yet even this art seems likely, before long, to be supplanted. For several years a French savan, M. L. Scott, has been engaged in experiments on the fixation of sound upon a prepared tablet, in the same way as photography fixes luminous images; and has met with considerable success in this new art, which he has named Phonautography. At the last sitting of the French Academy of Science, a short communication was made by the discoverer, in consequence of the publication of some experiments in the same direction made by other gentlemen. This communication was devoted chiefly to a description of certain illustrations laid before the members, and would be unintelligible to the general reader without the diagrams, and a knowledge of what had previously been accomplished by Mr. Scott. The subject, however, being of immense importance, and likely now to attract great attention, and having ourselves watched its development for several years, as well as having had many opportunities of inspecting the phonographic representations of sound autographically recorded by Mr. Scott's instrument, a short account of what has already been done by this physicist will perhaps be considered of interest.

The problem which first required solution was the artificial construction of an ear, by means of tubes and diaphragms, so as to imitate, as nearly as possible, the human ear in its power of collecting sounds of every degree of intensity, and transmitting them to a delicate membrane placed at the extremity. After numerous essays an apparatus was constructed which possessed the above qualifications; the membrane was seen to vibrate visibly, and in a different manner, with each audible sound or note; and if a pen or style were fastened to this membrane, its point would trace the wonderfully beautiful and complicated curves and circles appertaining to the elements of sound. The next difficulty consisted in finding a sensitive surface upon which this style could mark the imprint of its movements; for the vibrations of the ærial pen were so delicate that if any appreciable force were required to effect the transcription, the resistance would at once stop all movement. This difficulty was at last overcome by employing a strip of thin paper, upon which was, deposited a film of lampblack obtained from the smoke of burning bodies. This sensitive surface is carried along, by clock-work agency, in front of the vibrating style, so that the successive movements of the latter shall not impinge one on the other, when the result is a series of lines written on the paper, composed of the most complicated systems of curves, and forming a natural autograph of the producing sounds.

Of course it will be understood that the above is intended more as a brief outline of the principle of Mr. Scott's instrument, than as an exact description of its individual details. In reality, especially in the one recently made, it is far more complicated than would be imagined from this brief sketch; but the phonographs produced by it are marvellously perfect. Every separate source of sound has an individuality of its own. The sounds of different musical instruments, for instance, are easily distinguished from one another, and from the human voice. This latter, moreover, gives different traces, according to its character—the sweet, soft voice of a female, especially when singing, being characterized by great beauty and harmony in the curves impressed on the paper; in those produced by the harsher voice of a man, the curves are larger and more rugged looking; whilst in a shriek or a shout, or in the harsh discordant sounds of instruments, the waves are irregular, unequal, and broken up into secondary vibrations of all degrees of amplitude.

An oration, delivered with varying rapidity, and with the pitch of the voice greatly modulated in different parts, has a very striking appearance in its phonograph. Rapidly spoken parts have the curves crowded together, whilst in others they are widely separated. *The loud tones of the voice are shown by the written waves rising to perhaps half an inch, or more, in height, whilst the low tones are not more than the eighth of an inch high;* the modulations of the voice are thus shown very beautifully by the varying height of what may be called the letters of sound.

Thus, then, the problem of the graphic friction of sound may be considered as accomplished; but now a new difficulty arises—that of translating these ever-varying curves back again into ordinary language. If each word or syllable, or even compound sound, of which our spoken language is built up, were invariably represented by the same system of curves, the work of transcription would be comparatively easy. This, however, is far from being the case. Not only does the impression vary with the tone of the voice, the rapidity or loudness of utterance, but it has been found that the same words uttered by one person are written down by the instrument very differently from the way they are when spoken by another; just as the handwriting of one person differs from another. This, however, is a difficulty which will be overcome by practice, and perhaps improved instrumental arrangements: even now we hear that Mr. Scott is attaining some facility in reading off these stenographs. The difficulties, however, in the way of fluent transcription into written language are very great, as the student in this new language has so many different forms presented to him as the equivalent for the same articulated sound; the tracings not being either a true synthesis of the words, or a purely conventional sign like writing, which has, let us remember, no phonomenal value, but is merely, to use a mathematical expression, a function of the tone, the intensity and the pitch.

The fact of being able to make spoken sounds record themselves permanently on paper is of itself most singular and astonishing; but if it is ever developed, as the inventor says it shortly will be, to sufficient perfection to enable it to take down speeches which may be written off verbatim, it is difficult to imagine the importance of the discovery, whether it be in respect to the unimpeachable accuracy of the process; the entire absence of trouble and expense in reporting any articulate sounds; or the great saving of the time and the exhausting labors of our parliamentary reporters.

LOVE'S TRICOLOR.

A BLUE-BELL on her baby-lap I threw,
When first we were together,
Crouched on the fragrant meadow where it grew—
That showery, sunbright weather!
All April in the skies,
May gleaming through her eyes:
Sweet birds singing,
Blossoms springing,
Buds upon the heather!

A purpling rose I placed within her hand—
That young life's summer token!
Her girlish soul my soul could understand—
The maiden spell was broken!
Soft love-light on her face
Revealed its dimpling grace:
Warm heart-flushes
In her blushes
Told the words just spoken.

A waxen-white camellia on her breast—
Ah, well do I remember!
My love laid down where calm she lay at rest:
'Twas in the bleak December:
Dead, dead her heart's love-fire—
Mine only may expire
In death's sleeping:
Life-long weeping
Shall not quench its ember.

AN ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

From a London paper.

I started from Chamounix last Tuesday morning in company with two Englishmen (Lieutenant W—— and Mr. S——), after an arduous preliminary struggle with the *chef des guides*, who would on no account allow us to attempt the ascent with less than seven guides. My companions were determined not to take more than five, and after a very long and stormy discussion they carried their point. Our party then numbered 16—namely, three novices, five guides, and eight porters carrying provisions as far as the Grande Mulets.

It was a beautifully fine morning, and though the barometer was low our hopes were high, our limbs were strong, and our Alpen stocks trusty; so, turning our backs on the village, we cheerfully wended our way through the hanging woods in which the path commences. For two hours did we toil onwards and upwards through the grateful shade. Then the path, leaving the forest, emerges upon the moraine formed by the beautiful Glacier des Boissons. We skirted this beautiful moraine until we arrived at the head of the glacier; and, as it is necessary to cross it here, our guides made their final arrangements for entering upon the domains of the winter king. Veils, masks and spectacles were assumed. Two guides went some distance in advance, while we were severally attached by a small but stout cord to one another. Our descent upon the ice was made with great caution, for the mid-day sun was very powerful, the snow was soft and treacherously concealed the deep crevasses which yawned about us in every direction. Our route lay directly under some mighty precipices of ice, in which were embedded huge blocks of granite, and here our guides made us hurry as fast as possible. We did not know at the moment the danger we incurred, but within three minutes after we had gained a more secure station, a roar and a shock made us pause and look round. One of the enormous masses of stone had become detached by the heat from the face of the ice, and, smashed to fragments in its fall, was sweeping the inclined plane we had just crossed, carrying death and destruction in its path.

Our next difficulty lay in a crevasse much broader than ordinary, over which a ladder was placed horizontally, from which we inferred that the said ladder was to serve as a bridge over the gulf. And so it proved; creeping cautiously forward on our hands and knees, and scarcely daring to breathe, we passed over the chasm, which was so deep that we could not see the bottom. Having passed safely over this, the appearance of the Grande Mulets directly above us cheered our flagging energies with the hope of a speedy temporary termination of our toil. Although the sky was all this time quite clear above and around us, the scene below in the Vale Chamounix had assumed a very different appearance. Huge masses of menacing clouds were drifting hither and thither; lightning was darting among them, and the growl of the thunder below echoed back the equally awful roar of the avalanche above us. The clouds were rapidly rising, concealing peak after peak of the hills below, and we strained every muscle to gain our resting place before the storm reached us. We breathlessly stumbled through the snow and slipped upon the ice—now on our feet, now on our hands and knees, and occasionally upon less dignified parts of our persons. Again and again we caught sight of those delusive Grande Mulets; and again and again did we lose them as we wandered through the intricacies of the crevasses and icy hills. At length, just as the first heavy drops of rain warned us that the storm was upon us, we reached the foot of the rocks; and right joyfully did we scramble up to the rude hut which the guides had built upon them. At this moment the clouds below us parted, and the faint sound of the cannon at Chamounix announced that the residents there had marked our progress so far on our way.

In a short time the storm was raging about us in all its fury. It now snowed heavily, and the lightning and the thunder were awfully grand among these desolate hills. The guides predicted that any further ascent on the morrow would be impracticable, and, as we lay down upon the wet floor to attempt to sleep, our hearts were heavy with fears that all our labor had been in vain. A great improvement, however, had taken place by four o'clock next morning. The moon was sinking serenely behind the mountain above us, while a beautiful rosy tint, shooting far up into the heavens, announced that before long the sun would be visible. All was soon bustle and activity among our party. A hasty breakfast was swallowed, and at five o'clock we cheerfully resumed our work. Again there was not a single cloud in the heavens as high as we stood; but at our feet, filling the vale and stretching along as far as the eye could see, was a dense mass of motionless vapor, looking so smooth and solid